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A MATRIMONIAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In his room in the attic, some distance up town,
Sat a handsome young fellow—Fitz Simmons Dun Brown.
The pens, ink and paper before him were laid,
No progress in writing as yet he had made.
Alone and forsaken he'd wander'd through life,
And now thought it best to look out for a wife;
For his shirts and his pants, his waistcoat and hose,
With the rest of his wardrobe, as you may suppose,
Were tattered and torn, quite out of repair,
And lst in the dust, and the rain, and the air.
So Simmons decidedly thought it was best
For man to take womankind unto his breast,
And looked through his list of the names of the fair;
'Tis sad to relate he found nobody there
Whose lot in this life he'd be willing to share.
Jemima was fat and Mary was old;
Ellen was lean and Ann was a scold;
Fanny, and Lizzie, and Susan, and Belle,
Would each turn a Paradise into a Hell.

He gazed at his garments all tattered and torn,
At coats that were threadbare, at pants that were worn.
He thought of how often when trembling with cold
He'd sewed on a button—a sight to behold—
He thought, too, of wedlock, home pleasures, and joys,
Of two score of girls, or of two score of boys.
If he only had some one to comfort and cheer,
To darn his old stockings and always be near,
He'd give to that woman his talents and love,
And think her an angel sent down from above.
"'Tis clear I must marry. By Jove! I will write
And publish my wants in the paper to-night!"

"Terrific! Astounding! Read! Don't pass it by,
And gaze at this heading with scorn in your eye!
I want a young lady whose beautiful face
Is only excelled by her exquisite grace.
Her cheeks must be rosy, her breath must be sweet,
Her eyes must be hazel, her dress must be neat,
Besides being gifted with two little feet.
A neck like a swan's, and a bosom of snow,
Two lips that are moulded in form like a bow;
The hand of a fairy, the walk of a queen,
And ev'rything lovely that cannot be seen.
She must neither be guilty, nor given to sin,
And must be, by no means, devoid of the 'tin.'
Then send in your answers and do not delay—
Direct to this office for Mr. O'Fay."

Letters were sent him from country and town,
In envelopes yellow, pink-tinted, and brown,
Commencing with "Dearest," and ending "Your own,"
And reeking with perfume of Eau de Cologne.
The language was rich and decidedly rare—
The ladies were rich and had plenty to spare.

An innocent widow, aged just twenty-five,
Who had, she informed him, six children alive,
Would willingly take him for better or worse,
To vex and caress him, to comfort and nurse;
But Simmons thought other men's children a curse.
Miss Bellmont wrote plainly without much ado,
And told him she lived in the Fourth Avenue.
Amelia was lively—a frolicsome spark—
No objections to kissing in daylight or dark—
Refused to be married—was in for a keep—
In short she was one of the blackest of sheep.
Jenny Jones, Libbie Stevens, Melise, and the rest,
Excepting a dozen, were none of the best.
One letter, however, he put to the test
And kept the appointment. Now, "under the rose,"
The facts that there happened I'll briefly disclose.

In Washington Park, by the fountain, he found
The lass of his love who was poking the ground
With a green parasol; the tip of her foot
Peeped out from her dress in a tight-fitting boot.
The snowy white ruffle encircling her neck
Was guiltless of even the sign of a speck.
A well-moulded form and a snug little waist—
The lady was plainly a model of taste.
Her dress was of scarlet, her bonnet was blue,
With ribbons and bows of a violet hue,
And a very thick veil thrown over it, too.
Fitz Simmons approached her—his accents were mild—
More like a fond mother addressing a child
Than like a young man who had ever been wild.
"Remove from thy features, thou Angel of Light,
The veil which obscures all thy beauty from sight."
The damsel obeyed him and threw back her veil—
Fitz Simmons looked frightened, grew sickly and pale.
To a post in his terror he frantic'ly clung,
While words like the following fell from her tongue:
"Is you de yung man who am wantin' a wife?
I'm quite captivated. I iz, 'pon my life."
Fitz Simmons Dun Brown did not deign to reply—
Without even a kiss, perhaps he was shy,
He left in her glory the creature divine,
For miscegenation was not in his line.

MORAL.

Take warning, ye readers, and bear it in mind—
Ne'er try through the papers a partner to find,
But choose from the maids that surround you to day,
You'll find it the best and most sensible way.

ROBERT HELLER—MAGICIAN. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

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THE PRIDE OF THE ARENA.

A TALE OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BLACK BAND,"
And other Romances.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

LIKE FATHER—LIKE SON.

"Now, Mr. Meadows, since you are so far recovered as to be able to talk business, I may as well lay down my terms."

Thus spoke Robert Ridley, counsellor at law, as, seated at the bedside of the suffering banker, he prepared to lay down certain propositions with that calm, business-like suavity for which he was so eminently distinguished. Indeed, on this occasion, he assumed an extraordinary degree of jocose hilarity, for, as he said sarcastically, speaking on these matters put him in mind of old times, when he and the deacon were church members.

"Some other time," responded the banker, in a weak tone of voice; "you see my condition, and my mind is ill at ease."

"No, sir," said Bob, firmly, with a decisive shake of the head; "now's the day and now's the hour—your stay in this world is likely to be a trifle too short to suffer my little business to be put off any longer; besides, I don't want to deal with executors."

"Do you think I'm going to die?" murmured the banker, his face turning livid, as he almost gasped at the thought of death, "you are only threatening me, Mr. Ridley."

"Mr. Ridley!" ejaculated the counsellor, who internally enjoyed the spectacle of the rich man's terror, "why, deacon, you are too good a Christian to fear death, come when it will; for a poor miserable backslider like me to face the music, is a horse of another color. But d——n preaching, and to business!"

"What do you want of me?" inquired Mr. Meadows, resignedly.

"In the first place," quoth Bob with professional brevity, "here is a declaration that your son was in no wise concerned in purloining your missing papers—that you have been mistaken in his identity, and therefore withdraw all complaints against him. That's a very simple act of paternal justice."

"Never, sir, never!" returned the banker sharply. "What! forgive a son who robbed me, beggared me, and would have murdered me?"

"You shouldn't have given him occasion," retorted the lawyer, dryly. "You had enough for two, and some to spare."

"I have pledged my word, sir," rejoined the elder Meadows, a diabolic expression of anger playing over his countenance, so fierce and terrible that even the hardened lawyer involuntarily quailed before the untoward aspect; "live or die, I have sworn that that man shall be brought to justice. What next?"

"Play away at Brutus," said the lawyer, after a momentary pause; "it's a classical game, provided Ned don't turn the tables. The parable about glass houses and in the Bible, I believe, deacon?"

"Why, you don't interest yourself in the fate of my son?" inquired Mr. Meadows, sternly; for in the warmth of the conversation, he appeared to have thrown aside that feebleness and languidness of which he had previously complained.

"You can hardly calculate the amount of interest I have taken in Ned's welfare," remarked Bob with a significant leer; "in fact, I may say he don't know it entirely himself."

"And for what purpose?" inquired the banker, earnestly.

"That is precisely my own private business," said Bob with an air of offended dignity. "I own the young man, let me tell you."

"Own him!" ejaculated Mr. Meadows somewhat excitedly.

"Yes, I do" responded Mr. Ridley, in a very deliberate manner, while he whirled his fingers with a nervous action. "Fair bargain and sale; he had his price and I paid it. Now, then, to make matters sure, I am going to buy you."

"Me! Mr. Ridley?" said the banker in evident alarm.

"Yes, sir," responded the counsellor; "and here are your terms. In the first place, where is Edith, of whom you are trustee?"

"Dead," said the banker, perplexed at the question.

"I don't like to doubt the veracity of a church member," quoth the lawyer with a sneer upon his countenance; "but if anybody but a brother in good standing had said that word, I might be tempted to observe that it was a lie."

"Am I to be insulted in my own house?" shouted Mr. Meadows, his entire frame convulsed with the violence of his rage.

"Draw it mild," suggested Bob with a complacent smirk; "there's no use talking loud, for walls have ears, and I may give vent to some expression you'd not like to have overheard."

"I tell you she is dead," continued the banker, relapsing into a low tone of voice. "Here is the evidence of her death and burial."

As Mr. Meadows spoke, he went into his cabinet, and from a bundle of papers drew forth one to which was appended an official seal. Then, returning to the lawyer, he proudly displayed before him the evidence as to the accuracy of his statement. Bob took the paper and scrutinized the names of the attesting witnesses; then he examined their signatures with that caution peculiar to his profession, and subsequently he viewed the impression on the seal with the eye of a practical mechanic.

"When Edith Graeme died, you inherited the property?" inquired the lawyer, with an air of abstraction; "that, I believe, was the terms of the trust, as I recollect it."

"Precisely," replied the banker; "it was a very small estate."

"Excuse me, Mr. Meadows," quoth the lawyer, still examining the document he held in his hand, "but I think you labor under a slight mistake. The Graeme property was not only quite large, but increased annually in value."

"I know my own business, sir," said the banker sternly.

"And I know mine," replied the counsellor as tartly.

"What is it you want with me?" resumed the elder Meadows, "for time presses on me heavily, and I have need of rest."

"To cut the matter short, Mr. Meadows," replied Mr. Ridley, and he rubbed his hands as gleefully as if he had conceived a fanciful idea, "I want just one-half of Edith's estate."

"You are very obliging, my good sir, very moderate in your demands," observed the banker with a sneer; "why not claim the whole of it while you have your hand in, my kind sir?"

"Probably Edith may do that herself," remarked the counsellor, with a shrug of his shoulders; "it would be funny in her."

"Very funny from beyond the grave," retorted the banker, attempting to cover his agitation beneath an assumption of hilarity, for Mr. Meadows was too well acquainted with the character of his former friend not to perceive, from his words, that he was maturing some plan for his ultimate surprise. The wiley lawyer looked his former client intently in the face.

"You are not going to give me half the estate," quoth Bob, and he chuckled significantly, "it will be a plum between us."

"Not one cent," responded the banker with emphasis.

"Then lose the whole," retorted the lawyer with a malignant sneer. "Look here, Mr. Meadows, you and I have a long score to settle up, and the sooner that settlement comes the better. A year or so ago it was in your power to threaten me; yes, even to persecute me. Do you think I have forgotten my prison hours, when a word from you would have opened the door?"

"What is all that to me?" inquired Mr. Meadows coolly.

"Everything, my pious friend," continued the counsellor, dropping his voice to a low note, giving it a husky accent; "when in that awful dungeon, deserted by friends and held up to infamy and scorn, I swore eternal vengeance on you, sir, and on your son. To debase and degrade Edward, every act of yours has served my end. You made of him an outlaw and a hunted criminal!"

"No more of this!" passionately ejaculated the banker, as he stalked excitedly about the apartment.

"Nay, nay, my brother of the church," resumed the lawyer, paying very little heed to the banker's words, "I have yearned for years for this hour to come, and it shant slip through my fingers, I'll warrant you. Now we will see how Edward can be used against his haughty, inflexible Spartan father."

"I defy him and you too," said Mr. Meadows, calmly.

"You have made him a robber," retorted Bob Ridley, "and he will make you a beggar—yes, sir, mark my words—a beggar; and when once shorn of your wealth, I can easily convict you of forgery, not of one paper alone, but of scores; yes, even this burial certificate which you have trumped up to wrong a poor girl, while praying under the eaves of the church." Then Bob whispered in the ear of the astounded man, "what do you say to going halves *now*?"

"Forgery," murmured the banker, as if in a sort of stupor, "there is no one who will believe you or him under oath."

"Don't be too sure on that head," remarked the counseller tauntingly; "people may turn up—and where is Michael Graeme? He too would not be believed? Now, sir, you have this warning; be a wise man and act upon it; defy me, and by all that's holy, that carcase of yours will rot in a State Prison."

The language of Bob Ridley fell like a thunderbolt on the awe-stricken banker, who comprehended, in a great measure, the effect of that desperate man's malignant resolution. For many years he had thrived, and the cloak of his hypocrisy was so well established that no insinuations of baseness could mar the current of his success. Nevertheless, the daring robbery of his documents had disclosed damning evidence of frauds, of false deeds and forged titles, long undisputed for want of some living witness to their falsity. It was evident to Mr. Meadows that his son was but the tool in the hands of his wiley associates.

"What if Michael Graeme should turn up and learn that I imposed upon him," soliloquized the banker after Bob's departure, and, arising from the chair in which he had flung himself, he went to a cupboard, and taking thence a flask of spirituous liquid, he drained it to the last drop. For the first time in his life Mr. Meadows experienced the stupefying effect of intoxication. Wounded in his struggle with his son, but not seriously, the banker had been confined to his house. The confusion and excitement of that desperate moment; vexation at the loss of his valuable documents; uncertainty as into whose hands they had fallen; the humiliation and disgrace of his son's position; and above all, apprehension that the fraudulent character of some of his title deeds might be detected, all contributed thoroughly to prostrate the nervous system of the suffering man. But the revelations of Bob Ridley came upon him with crushing effect, his brain, tortured by conflicting fantasies, reeled beneath the shock, so that when he recovered from the stupor of intoxication, it was found that his constitution had been impaired to such a degree as to render his death a matter of daily expectation.

Far from realizing Bob Ridley's prediction, Edward Meadows experienced the full weight of his father's indignation. Branded as a malefactor, with a reward offered for his arrest, he was hunted from pillar to post. Nevertheless, concealed through the ingenuity of Ridley and his associates, the young man evaded imprisonment by hair breadth escapes, commingling with the vilest of society, and gleaning in their companionship knowledge of every vice. Living upon Ridley's bounty, but addicted to low debauchery, the banker's son soon became a proficient in deceptive practices, leading a strolling life, roving from place to place, partially a mountebank and partially a gamester, surging amid the billows of a tempestuous existence, tossed to and fro, without compass or errand, a vagabond in every sense of the word. Bound to the counsellor by a solemn compact to divide all proceeds of his criminal toil, after assigning all his interest in Edith's presumptive estate, young Meadows was directed solely by that legal functionary, who controlled his action in every particular, save in the one instance of Kate Eastman, whom, in the delusion of fancied security, he had abducted and brought at personal hazard to the scene of her desertion.

Even in this profligate triumph the banker's son encountered his Mephistophiles, for no sooner had Ridley set eyes upon her than he marked out the fascinating Kate for his own purposes. Threatened with a ready arrest, Meadows was driven into speedy exile from the abode of his betrayed one, while the equally treacherous Bob attempted violence to her injured feelings. It was only after Kate's recovery that Ridley permitted the return of his rival, and then, after giving him a deal of precautionary advice as to dabbling with illicit calico, he dispatched him on that mission of dogging his wife's professional footsteps which caused the fair equestrian's untoward accident and her retirement from the ring. Poor Edith, who so doated upon this unworthy spouse, who built so many castles in the air as to their nuptial future, no sooner did Edward Meadows avow participation in the robbery of his father's papers, than the whole vigor of her love was converted into a spirit of detestation, of absolute personal hatred to the object of her prior adoration. From that instant she spurned and loathed him as with the instinctiveness of inborn virtue; his very aspect was a source of horror, and she turned in bitterness of heart against the memory of the author of her misfortunes.

"Oh my God!" murmured the fair equestrienne, as the depth of Edward's transgression became more and more apparent to her, "what have I done to be so deeply afflicted? Alas! I am alone in the world, first fatherless, now husbandless."

Edith was disturbed in her meditations by the sound of approaching footsteps and shuddered at the mere idea of their belonging to her delinquent spouse. After a moment's pause, there came other and still nearer footfalls, eventually stopping at the door. The young wife, tremulous from nervous excitement, sprang to the opening portal—not to welcome the expected husband, but sternly to forbid his approach; hers was the courage of despair.

The door slowly opened, and, by the glare of her evening light, Edith saw, to her surprise and confusion, that it was not Edward but a policeman in his official garb. The heart of the stricken wife failed her, for she now appreciated the unerring certainty of legal retribution, and she was pained to think that one she revered would so far betray the sanctity of a hearthside as to leave it subject to visitation from the satellites of justice. It was a disgrace which rang upon her soul.

The man spoke but in a gruff, disrespectful tone, saying that he was on the look out for Edward Meadows, and intimated, despite her assurations to the contrary, that the equestrienne was cognizant of his illegal concealment. Then to make assurance of the husband's absence, he rudely searched the chambers, roughly tossing about household goods and furniture, and finally the policeman retired muttering curses upon his want of luck, and angrily taxing the humiliated Edith with being a main impediment to the successful attainment of his errand. This visitation was the crowning point to Edith's anguish. Fatherless, husbandless, protectorless, she could face the world with a womanly resolution, but, with the hand of justice ever resting on the door latch, could she boast of the existence of a home wherein she could retire as an asylum of security and refuge? Moneyless, she was a vagrant, subjected to the affronts of the thoughtless and the intrusive.

It was a clear summer night, a soft zephyr playing upon the moonlit sky, driving fleecy waves across the silvery surface of the horizon. Edith opened her chamber window, for the night breeze fell gratefully on her feverish temples. There were borne on the incoming wind the echoes of laughing voices; boisterous, mirthful, tones, such as ring from the lungs of youth in wildness of wholesome mirth.

"How happy must be those gay people," soliloquized the disconsolate lady, as the cheerful sounds rung upon her ear with a species of derisive exultation; "those poor folks have at least a home."

Again and again the outburst of merriment hung upon the chords of a sensitive soul; anon, music and melodious voices, chaunting strains of revelry joined to the laughing chorus, augmenting in intensity of enjoyment, until Edith closed her chamber window, and retired from reach of those sounds, at other times redolent with satisfaction, but now adjudged to be the mockery of her sad position.

Then the fair equestrienne arose from her rocking chair, and made her simple toilet, as the expiring radiance of a setting sun threw a warm golden light upon her simple household. Even this cheerful ray, the joyous demonstration of an expiring day, fell upon poor Edith as an omen of sinister import. So she closed her window blinds, and shut out the dancing light, while in moody meditation she wasted hours, growing more despondent with the flight of obnoxious time. It was past midnight, and silence reigned by the water side of the city harbor. The placid waters of the bay bore on their face an unusual and remarkable serenity; for, beneath the rays of the summer moon, they stretched far and wide over unbroken expanse, a sheet, as it were, of reflective crystal. There were vessels, it was true, large ships, leviathans for the ocean, and pleasure barks, swanlike skimmers of inland waters. The dark hulls and heavenward pointing masts revealed the majesty of their presence, but from them came not a living sound, save the moan of weary cordage, to break the monotony of the impressive silence—the slumber of wearied nature.

By the waterside, far out upon a jetty, was a wooden pier, attractive from its melancholy isolation; a wharf, seemingly deserted by the companionship of shipping. On it paced a female, regardless of the hour of the night and the loneliness of her condition. Gazing upon the surface of the waters, stretched beneath her very feet in alluring beauty, Edith Meadows—for it was that distracted lady—braved the terrors of night and of solitude, seeking comfort and consolation in communion with a sympathetic reign of dreariness; fleeing, as it were, from the mirth of men to the bosom of darkness.

"How lovely and sublime!" muttered the lady, as she glanced her eyes in every direction along the horizon, "how unlike the stormy world, so peaceful and serene. This is the mirror of our future, where, beyond the grave, we are buried in the waters of oblivion, beyond the depth of human misery."

The lady turned and attempted to retrace her steps to the riverside, but an irrepressible spell seemed to govern her action; like a being enchanted, she hovered about the scene of her meditation, unable to turn her glances from the watery plain.

"It is hard for one so young to die," Edith murmured fervently, "but in the tranquility of these inviting waters may not I hope to seek eternal rest? Oh! Edward, why camest thou to blight a golden existence? But I forgive you for all my sorrows. May Heaven bless you, I cannot; neither can I curse with a dying breath!"

As the lady uttered this forgiving ejaculation, she advanced to the string piece at the end of the pier, and would have mounted that frail barrier, thence to plunge into the mysteries of an unexplored eternity. To Edith's horror and affright, as the descending moon beamed low in the horizon, her progress was intercepted by the shadow of a man flitting directly across the pier end—a shadow, colossal and sepulchral, reaching the entire breadth of the wood work, ill proportioned, and seemingly the reflection of a gigantic human figure.

"Fear not, madam, but rather thank providence that I have chanced to be an instrument in your preservation."

The voice that spoke was full, clear and musical, and chimed gratefully upon the stillness of the night air. The terrified Edith turned in the direction whence came these sounds, and perceived in lieu of a terrible ogre, the outlines of a young man well dressed, courteous and polite, advancing to sustain her sinking frame.

"Be not alarmed, lady," quoth the gentleman, for such his appearance denoted him, "a few words will explain the reasons for my intrusion, if it be an intrusion to prevent a rash deed."

"The terrible spectre," murmured Edith in excess of nervousness.

"My shadow, distorted by the setting moon," replied her protector, "the wretchedness of your fearful resolution conjured a horror from out your disordered brain. Now, madam, to your home."

Although these words were uttered slowly and kindly, they carried with them an assumption of authority repugnant to Edith's nature, so she turned sharply and said: "With a stranger?"

"I am no stranger to the sorrows of Edith Meadows," returned the gentleman, in firm yet respectful accents. "Had I been, I would not have been cognizant of your design when going from your home, in anguish and despair, this very night. Edith! return to reason, resume your occupation, be governed by the advice of a sincere friend—in a word, be a woman!"

Edith sighed, for there was a moral valor in the tones of this mysterious man's voice, a heroism in the advice thus sensibly extended, that she felt confidence in his protection, and tendered him her arm as an escort homeward from a journey so unwisely taken.

"Edith Meadows," quoth the young man, "you could not have weighed upon the results of your passing frenzy; and are you gifted with second sight, to ascertain the secrets of the future? No, Edith, be yourself again; blot from your memory the image of your unworthy persecutor; base your trust in your own determination, and you will find in me an obedient servant, and, I trust, a most honorable protector."

"It is you, then, who would serve me in person?" inquired the re-assured lady.

"Upon condition that the story of this night's work," replied the gentleman, with dignity, "shall forever remain a sealed book to each of us—to all the world—buried in the oblivion of the past."

"So shall it be, I solemnly promise it," quoth the lady, seriously, for with returning reflection she shuddered at the contemplation of the abyss whence she had been so providentially extracted.

"Then shall you never need either friend or adviser," responded the gentleman, as they neared the door of Edith's domicile. "Your wishes you will find ever obeyed with the minutest fidelity."

"The name, rank, and quality of my chivalric devotee?" inquired the fair equestrian, as she touched the threshold of her house.

"Those particulars, madame," replied the stranger, respectfully taking his leave, "you must permit me to reserve until I finish my service."

Edith Meadows re-entered her chamber an altered woman—one filled with confidence and determination bravely to cope with the difficulties of her condition. No longer a victim to anguish and despair, she set about her household duties with energy, and speedily restored her apartments to their previous condition of ease and comfort. It is true that personally she was alone, but then an invisible spirit seemed to hover around her, a most companionable sprite, cheering her spirits and chiding her for indolence and folly, and who rendered in this wise her little home a miracle of contentment.

A week rolled by, and the mysterious stranger, her promised adviser, came not. Vainly Edith watched for him, and as each knock came to her door her heart leaped to her throat, for she longed to see her preserver—indeed, she was certain it was his duty to come—in fact, the widowed Edith absolutely cried once or twice, for the simple reason that her mysterious friend still tarried from her sight.

A full fortnight elapsed, when there did come a knock at the door—a knock of peculiar volume and density of sound—quite a battery of knocks rolled into a single volley. That knock announced the advent of some personage of more than ordinary importance. It was not, however, the mysterious stranger; on the contrary, the visitor was the well known Mr. Hunnicumb, who, habited in a semi-military undress coat and top-boots of astounding calibre, came, on behalf of "Colonel Dick Hayes' National American Circus and Mammoth Show," to effect an engagement with the "Pride of the Arena." Mr. Hunnicumb was proverbial for the success of his diplomatic negotiations, so he entered upon this present task in fullness of confidence. By way of introduction, he made a military salute to his hostess, then indulged in a civil bow, after which he planted his right hand on the presumptive region of his heart, and drew a long breath.

"M'lle Celestine," said the ring master, clearing his voice with sundry coughs and sneezes, "desirous of securing the greatest possible concentration of available talent, &c., &c., &c., I have the honor of laying the following terms of engagement, &c., &c., which Joe Jollie, our wonderful and extraordinary clown, will recite for your amusement, &c., &c. He can do it much better than I can, as I haven't my spectacles, &c., &c., about me; besides, it's got a good many hard words, &c., &c., in it, which I'm afraid I'll have to skip. He's an invaluable man, that Joe Jollie, only he don't turn flip-flaps, &c., &c." Then handing a written document to the equestrienne, the martial ring-master moved to the door with a precise military step, and thence threw his voice down stairs, where it exploded into an ejaculation of "Joe! you're wanted, &c.! Yes, ma'am," continued Mr. Hunnicumb, pointing to the young gentleman, who loitered near the

door, "here we have Joe Jollie, the unrivalled clown and incomparable jester, &c. &c.—yes, ma'am——"

Edith Meadows raised her eyes to scrutinize this marvel of perfection, and could scarce refrain from an exclamation of astonishment when, in the person of the clown, she recognized that of her mysterious friend. Happily Mr. Hunnicumb came to her relief by a solemn declaration.

"He's a wonderful clown, &c., &c., and you will like him, although he can't be made to turn a flip-flap, &c., &c."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

To Correspondents.

SAM. HORN, Boston.—"The following bet is left to your decision: A man has bet that Abraham Lincoln is now, at the present date, President of the United States; another bets he is not, because some of the States have seceded, etc. Now who wins the bet? It is to be decided by you."....Abraham Lincoln is, at the present time, President of the United States. Even admitting that secession amounts to anything, the number of States now in the Union outnumber the original thirteen; and as we were the United States then, we are the same now. Our opinion is, that the man who bet on Mr. Lincoln being President of the United States wins the money.

BOUNCE, Lowell.—"1. A and B are playing the game of dominoes called rounce—threes being trumps, A plays double one, B holds two-one and three-one. Is B forced to play his two-one and lose the trick, or can he play his three-one and win the trick? 2. Please decide a bet by stating the respective ages and fighting weight of Coburn and Mace?" .....1. He must follow suit and play his two-one. 2. Mace 34 years, Coburn 29 years old; Mace's fighting weight, according to the last edition of Fistiana 150 lbs., although in his present battle his weight is stated to be 159 lbs. Coburn's about 152 lbs.

ST. LOUIS.—The clubs referred to not being attached to the National Association, we cannot decide on the matter. If, however, they had been members of the Association, the umpire would have been right in ruling the players out for belonging to two clubs at one and the same time; and if the club thereby losing the members referred to refused to play, they forfeited the ball. It is a matter outside of the question as to how the dues of a member are paid so that he is credited with them on the Treasurer's books.

S. B. H., Philadelphia.—"A bet has been made between two men one of your city, and one of this, and the result depends upon your decision. The bet is that there are black men employed as clerks in the Custom House of New York, recognized as such by the United States authorities, and receive their pay from them as such. You will please decide whether it is so or not."......No. There are two or three door-keepers and messengers in positions equivalent to porters and errand boys.

S. S.—"When at the point of eight at whist, have you to ask your partner can you one previous to playing out your card, or is it time enough to do so after playing? That is to say, you play your card, and before the trick is turned you ask your partner can you one."......The call must be made before playing a card, otherwise the points cannot be taken, and the "honors" are to be considered as exposed cards.

EUCHRE.—The only rule bearing on this point says "if discovered after the trump is turned that any of the parties have too many or too few cards, there must be a new deal, the dealer losing his privilege." Our opinion is, that this rule meets the case in point, and instead of scoring two points, which he claims, the dealer loses his deal.

J. R. H., Army of the Potomac.—"A bets B that Jem Mace whips Joe Coburn. If the fight is a draw, or anything happens to prevent the fight being concluded, does A lose the money, or do they both draw their stakes?"......The match must be fought out before either A or B can win; there can be no tie about it; if it is not fought out, each man draws his money.

G. D. R., Philadelphia.—"In the game of draw poker should a player be satisfied with his first hand, does he not have 'to chip' equal to the other players who draw other cards if he desires to 'come in?' And should he fail to do so is he not 'passed out?' Or, in other words, do not all who desire to bet have to 'ante up' whether they draw other cards or not?"......Yes.

FREEBORN.—1. B loses; government pay to a prisoner of war goes on after his period of enlistment is expired, if they are held in captivity, until they are mustered out of the service. 2. Opinions differ as to whether Napoleon or Wellington was the greater general. 3. Mace's present fighting weight is said, on his own authority, to be about 159 lbs. 4. Yes.

HARTFORD.—Jane Coombs made her first appearance on the stage at the old Broadway Theatre, New York, during the season of 1855-6, as Pauline, to the Claude Melnotte of Edwin Forrest. She was married a few weeks ago in this city to a gentleman named Brown, a non-professional.

A. W. W., Fort Independence.—1. Josh. Ward's best five mile rowing time is 35:10. 2. The price of Fistiana is $3. 3. You can buy Don Juan of any bookseller. 4. Jim Ward held the Championship eight years, from 1825 to 1833, when it was claimed by Deaf Burke.

S. E, Newark.—1. The ace of hearts is always a trump in the game of forty-fives. 2. Five for the best trump, and robbing with the king are not, strictly speaking, a part of the game; but when mutually agreed upon before commencing play, those points should of course be observed.

BENJAMIN MORRIS, U. S. S. Saratoga.—Barney Aaron beat Johnny Monaghan in 80 rounds in 3 hours 22 min., on Sept. 28, 1857. The next best to this was Coburn and Price's battle on May 1, 1856. Darkness put a stop to it after they had fought 160 rounds in 3 hours 20 min.

E. C. A.—"1. In the fly game of Base Ball, must *all* balls be caught on the fly or only *fair* balls? 2. Can players running the bases run on a fly catch?"......1. Only fair balls. 2. Yes, after the base has been touched after the catch is made.

MALEK, Newark.—Three fives and a Jack in hand, with a five of the same suit as the Jack turned up, compose the highest hand that can be held in cribbage, viz., 29—16 by fifteens, 12 for double pair royal, and one for his knob

R. V., Baltimore.—Our opinion is, that only he who pays for the privilege can see the hand. We know that many players differ from us on this point, and in the absence of any rule meeting the question direct, we merely give an opinion.

J. B., Syracuse.—"A and B have made a bet of $100 each on a trot. C says to A 'I will give you $50 for your bet. A loses. Does C lose $150 or only the $50 he paid A?"......C loses the $100 bet and the bonus of $50 he paid A.

CADET, U. S. Mil. Acad., West Point, N. Y.—"Was the time made by Flora Temple trotted to wagon (2:19½) and is it on record?"......In harness—it is on record.

PETEOCRITE, Philadelphia.—Effie Germon was married to Carlo Patti, the violinist, and brother of Carlotta and Adalina. 2. She has a sister.

RUY GOMEZ, Washington.—Maggie is past 30 years of age. Appeared on the stage when only a child, and played children's parts. Her agent travels with her.

A. E. S.—A "ten-strike" at ten pins, is where the whole ten pins are floored with one ball; a "spare" when floored with two successive balls.

W. H. R.—Licenses are necessary; the prices are not the same in the different towns, some being much higher in their charges than others.

WAGER.—"Mr. Mason bets Mr. Wilson that Coburn will whip Mace; if the match comes to a draw, who wins?"......Neither. See answer to "J. R. H."

ANDY PENNELL.—Con. Fitzgerald did not go to England with Joe Coburn, and was not in England when Jem Dunn issued his challenge.

W. J. B., Iron Clad Sagamore.—Four sevens and an ace in cribbage count twenty-four, viz., 12 by fifteens and 12 by double pair royal.

A CONTRIBUTOR, Albany.—In the match between Heenan and Sayers, each man got his own money back.

J. MARTIN, Philadelphia.—You should have sent a deposit yourself, having offered the challenge.

F. F., Detroit.—The New Bowery Theatre, in this city, is the largest theatre in the United States. The Old Bowery comes next.

J. R. S., Buffalo.—They have not returned from their summer campaign.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich.—"Nan the Good for Nothing" and "Nan with two Fathers," are one and the same thing.

SUTLER, Winchester, Va.—Not having dealt with any, we cannot say who is responsible, or who is not.

EUREKA.—Ward's boat weighed about 56 lbs., and Hamill's, we understand, about 34 lbs.

FRANK, Cleveland.—We know of no agency for mercantile situations that we can recommend.

DOMINO, Lowell.—See answer to "Rounce." We make no charge for answering correspondents.

G. H. SEINASS.—The new rates do not affect your subscription, which does not expire until No. 35 of the present vol.

CONSTANT READER.—James M. Ward is travelling with Major Pauline Cushman, who is in Philadelphia.

OLD SLIP.—"Was Heenan in his fight with Sayers knocked down and, if so, how often?"......He was not.

A. B.—Charles Westhall walked 21 continuous miles in 2 hours 59 minutes.

EDWARD W. HOYT, Warren.—We mail our subscribers a paper *every week*, and if any are missing the fault is not ours.

FEATHERSTONE, St. Paul, Minn.—A letter directed to 251 Broadway will reach Silas Herring.

W. L. WILLIS, Cleveland.—1. No. 2. It is the same lady. She was at Burton's Chambers Street Theatre in 1857.

ELIAS G. WRIGHT.—There are none of Coburn's colors for sale in this city.

GEO. SMITH, Philadelphia.—Have not seen your advertisements.

S. W.—George Boniface was born in 1833.

A. G. H., Peoria, Ill.—A letter sent to this office will reach him.

W. H. F., Pittsburgh.—Fastest time in what?

R. SMITH.—Lester Wallack was born Dec. 31, 1820.

P. H., Ottawa City.—Send $3, and we will forward you a pair.

BOX 547.—For three months, $3.75.

G. H., Fort Wayne.—You sent sufficient.

H. CLIFFORD, Cincinnati, O.—Two Vs. received. Balance $2.88.

THE MACE AND COBURN MATCH.

The Very Latest News.

THE FIGHT NOT YET DECIDED.

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM THE CLIPPER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

There has been a great deal of excitement since our last, in reference to the match between Joe Coburn and Jem Mace, which was set down for settlement in Ireland on the 4th of October. On the making of this match, and for some time afterwards, but very few persons, either here or in England, believed that Coburn meant business; they contended that he merely made the match to gain a little more notoriety, and that when the time approached for him to put up his deposits and face his opponent, some excuse would be offered, and the Irish-American quietly draw out of the affair. When, however, the deposits were regularly forthcoming on the part of Coburn, when he bested some of England's most experienced boxers in a series of exhibitions in Liverpool, when all this time he kept aloof from the rabble, and minded his own business, and when finally he went into active training in Ireland—lo! and behold, there was a change in public sentiment, and some of the friends of the opposing man began to admit that probably Joe *would* enter the Ring, but in admitting this they added that he would be certain to meet with defeat; then betting began to be a trifle lively, not on the fight, mind you, for Joe could have no chance of winning, they asserted, but on the length of time it would take Mace to beat him. As the time for the mill drew near, Mace's friends were not so sanguine of a *sure* thing, and offered 6 to 4 that Mace would win the fight, and when Coburn's representative won the toss for choice of fighting ground, a great deal of uneasiness was manifested by the Mace party, and they now became aware that they had a different set of men to deal with from those they had met in the two previous international matches; men who, while adhering strictly to the articles of agreement, would not permit themselves to ignore outside influences, or to throw away the slightest chance by which their opponents could profit. The winning of the toss was a severe blow to Mace, for it would debar him from carrying along with him such a crowd of roughs as had interfered with Heenan's chances when he fought in England; and while making the trip very expensive to Mace's friends, Coburn's supporters would be able to be present at a very trifling cost; in fact, hundreds of them were already in the vicinity of the ground. Intimidation, bludgeons, and rough alleys had robbed John C. Heenan of his fights, but the same influence was not to be permitted to defeat Coburn; if there was to be a free fight, Coburn would be the winner. Having won the toss, a spot was selected in the county of Tipperary, ninety-five miles from Dublin, and where Coburn was in great favor. So expensive would it be for the Londoners to reach there that Mr. Dowling sent word to Coburn that he would not be able to defray the expenses of ring keepers out of the funds of the Pugilistic Association, as it would cost from twenty-five to thirty dollars for each ring keeper. Coburn replied that he had engaged some ring keepers himself, and Mace could do the same. Matters did not look so rosy for Mace as they had looked in the early days of the match. The people of Ireland were with Coburn, and Mace began to have fears that if he (Mace) could not win on his merits, his crowd would be too small to pull him through. What was to be done? There was a loop-hole left by which to get out of the affair without a fight, and that was on the choice of referee. This worthy was to have been selected the day before the fight. What transpired at that meeting, we have a report by telegraph from Dublin to Queenstown, brought by the steamship Hecla, which left Queenstown on the 5th, and by which we are informed that the fight had been postponed—that Coburn appeared on the battle ground, but that Mace was not present, and that it was probable Coburn would enter his claim for the stakes—and through the same source we are told that Mace's agent had arrived in London, and declared the fight "off" for the present.

Since the above was written we have received a letter from our special, dated Dublin, Oct. 5, by which we learn that the referee was the stumbling block. We incline to the opinion that Mace did not care to face the "savages," as his principal adviser calls the Tipperary people, and therefore got out of it on the referee question.

Elsewhere, we give extracts from Dublin papers, and also from the London *Sporting Life*, which includes a letter from Jem Mace, by which letter it appears that Mace finds fault with his own principal man, Brunton, for some reason not clearly explained.

Coburn claims the stakes on the ground that Mace did not appear in the Ring, at the place appointed, as specified in the articles of agreement, and this seems to be a pretty good point, for it is said that had Mace appeared, Coburn would have given him the referee, and the fight would have been got off; but Mace never went near the ground. It is the opinion that Mace never intended to fight in Ireland, and although he showed in Dublin, he did not intend to go to the fighting ground. Mace, in his card, says that Smith, the referee in the Heenan and King fight, asked our special to be referee, but this was done sneeringly, because our representative had refused to accept Smith as the referee.

It is reported that the matter would be settled by the stakeholder on the 7th inst. The steamer Scotia was advertised to sail from Liverpool on the 8th, and as she is a fast steamer, she ought to be here some time on Wednesday, 19th.

In regard to outside bets on this match, it may be proper for us to remark that all bets are off if the fight did not take place within the week, unless declared on again by mutual consent. Where bets have been made with the express understanding that they go as the battle money goes, of course the stakeholder's decision will be necessary for their settlement.

THE CLIPPER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GRESHAM HOTEL, Sackville St.,
Dublin, Saturday, Oct. 1st.

FRIEND QUEEN:—Having to be present at the naming of the battle ground to Mace's representative on the 30th ult., and Coburn having sent me a number of colors to dispose of among our friends in Dublin, I was unable to go to Bellingoola as expected when I last wrote, and as it is necessary for me to be on hand again the day before the fight to agree on a referee, if possible, I shall stay here till Monday night, and then proceed straight to the battle ground.

So far but few of the London mob have showed themselves here, and not one of the notorious Bill Richardson's gang to my knowledge. They don't fancy competing with black thorn sticks in the hands of the tight-built Tipperary lads, who know right well how to use the shillelah, and have a grudge against them for the manner in which Heenan was treated. Harry Brunton, "the favorite Irish second," arrived here on the 29th ult., and went straight to Woodruffe's Cambridge Inn, Island Bridge, where a little scene occurred which afforded us some little amusement. Woodruffe, it appears, is an Englishman, but he has Coburn's colors behind the bar, and Brunton no sooner saw them than he got his back up. Says he, to the landlord—

"I thought you pretended to be a friend of ours, and you've got that b—y color up and not Mace's!"

"My dear fellow," replied Woodruffe, "I couldn't get one of Mace's, or I'd have hung it up long ago, and have been waiting to buy one from you."

"Not a b—y one will you get from me then," replied Brunton in disgust.

This was a clincher, and with all W.'s persuasive eloquence he couldn't gammon H. B., who, after he had eaten a chop, bolted out of the house as if he'd been shot, and went to the Prince of Wales Hotel, in Sackville street, where he stayed for the night, completely disgusted.

Mace crossed the Channel on the following day in company with his brother, cousin, Harry Montague, his clerk, and Alf Milner, his trainer, and stopped at Kingstown, where he is now, or was up to last night.

On the 28th ult., Langham, Cobley, Hicks and Napper, supposed to be for Coburn, left the city at Woodruffe's invitation to stop with him free of cost, for the sake of drawing custom to his "drum," which it has done wonderfully, as a barracks is located near by and the officers are very liberal, as indeed are all the people in Ireland, and spend a heap of money in wine for the sake of drinking with the aforesaid boxers, who are no small drinkers themselves and can stand a barrel of it almost without keeling over. The proprietor sent a jaunting car down the same day, offering the hospitalities of his house to Cusick and I, but we couldn't see it and didn't want to be made a puppet show of by him nor any other man.

When Cusick had transacted his business, he left by the first train for Ballingoola, leaving me to look after any little matters here while he made arrangements for removing from the training to the battle ground at Goold's Cross, in County Tipperary, where Coburn, his two brothers, (who I learn got here yesterday by the Inman steamer,) Captain Saunders, Johnny Mackey and Jim Cusick will go either on Sunday evening or Monday morning, and settle down in some quiet corner until the eventful day.

In company with James Dillon, the famous Dublin bill poster, well known to every American actor or showman who has crossed the Liffey, and Johnny Coyne, a particular friend of Harry Gribbins', and a great cock-fighter around Harm Swift's, in the Bowery, I jumped on a jaunting car yesterday afternoon, and we were driven to Island Bridge, where I had to meet Mace's representative according to agreement, and give him the "tip." We found an immense crowd surrounding the house and had no small difficulty in working through. Not being desirous of getting spotted by the police, for there might have been a dozen in disguise for all I know, Harry Brunton was sought out from the crowd, and he, Montague, Nat Langham and myself adjourned to a quaint old kitchen, where, on a bog oak table, I wrote out the spot, "Goold's Cross, County Tipperary, Kingsbridge Station," on a piece of Irish paper with a Hibernian pen and Emerald ink. I tried to avoid a second meeting in such a conspicuous locality, and wanted to settle about the referee there and then, but they wouldn't stand it, and next Monday we have to meet again, by which time all the police may get wind of the spot, as the very next day Woodruffe advertised right out in the Dublin papers that anybody could get the "tip," as they call it, by asking at his bar. I noticed that Brunton and Montague got away with the greatest speed when the ceremony was over, and were driven post-haste to where Mace is stopping in Kingstown to apprize him of it. It was a singular thing they hadn't a word to say against the site selected, and from the way it has been "blued" around by Mace's faction, people here think that they want it known everywhere, whereas, on our own side of the house, not twenty-five know of it through us direct. Langham and his "pals" may have spread it pretty well, but we are not very sweet on that party. Among the people present at this meeting were Captain Heaviside, the pedestrian, and Charley Westhall, who has not left the *Sporting Life* as yet, but comes to report for that paper.

In respect to the battle being pulled off without police interruption, there are various conflicting opinions, but things are going the wrong way, if the police, military or constabularies take a notion to go after them in another train on Tuesday morning, as I believe they can do. The papers are howling and bellowing for the authorities to stop it; they say that it is a direct challenge from the roughs to the police, and they must take it as such, and show that if the English police are incapable of stopping a fight, they are not so here, that they have a chance of immortalizing themselves, and such like balderdash. This is not very favorable to contemplate. Then, not satisfied with getting up two great benefits, one of which takes place the night before the fight, and it is billed to that effect, (Cusick has no hand in this, although they've used his name,) the same money grabbers who are to reap the fruits of the benefits are trying to charter a special train and charge three guineas a head, (about three times the usual fare,) in fact they have already collected money from some of the "toffs," or swells, before they know whether a special train will be allowed them after all the publicity the affair has got—for my part I am pretty well satisfied that they will not. They are all on the make, but it should be understood that neither Coburn or any of his intimate friends will have anything to do with it, nor make a copper out of it. All these things, coupled with publicly advertising where anybody can find out the spot selected, will certainly be no help towards getting the fight off. Should it eventuate, as I hope it may, there will be no sell—that's a moral certainty, and those who have all along thought Mace intends to make it a cross, had better disabuse their minds of all such ideas at once. If Mace can win he will win, and I am sure that Coburn intends winning if he can.

The place of fighting is populated with a rare set of stalwart and fearless men who handle a shillelah very forcibly, particularly if it has been a twelvemonth up the chimney. A day or two ago there was a shillelah fair at Cashel, two miles from Goold's Cross, and in that part of the world a man would think less of being seen without his trowsers than without a black thorn stick, (I carry one all the time, and bedad it's a good one too.) They rear them like a child, and to see them trying the power of these sticks, measuring them hand over hand, and going through as many fandangoes as a lady shopping, one would never care to say much unless accompanied with a similar weapon. If the Saxon boxers go to practicing on the Tipperary lads, who would rather have half a dozen holes knocked in their skull with their national weapon, there'll be some sore heads next morning. One thing is settled, the American representative will have a fair show this time.

A meeting was held at *Bell's Life* office last Wednesday, and it was determined to send over the ropes and stakes belonging to the Pugilistic Benevolent Association, and they are expected, together with the commissary, Fred Oliver, to be here to-morrow. No ring-keepers will be sent on—a very sensible conclusion—but most of them, it is thought, will come at their own expense, although it will be very galling to them. Patsy Reardon and Simon Finighty are here, and many others, but those bearing other than Hibernian patronimics have very little to say, and keep shady. Jem Myers is expected to-morrow, and it was thought that Heenan might come too, although he gave me to understand that he wouldn't be at the fight under any circumstances. It is believed that Dowling intends being present at the mill, but as yet very few of Albion's sons have made their appearance.

There is no vast amount of betting in Dublin, but it rules at the rate of $1000 to $700 on Mace.

Adah Isaacs Menken is advertised to open at Astley's, in London, on the 3d inst., in her great speciality of "Mazeppa," and the city is now lined with "bills of the play."

Jackson Haines, the Champion skater, is creating a great *furore* at the Oxford, London. It is something new, and takes well. He has also been engaged to perform at the Crystal Palace, and they are fixing up an artificial pond for that purpose.

Dick Pelham, the nigger minstrel, is dead broke, figuratively speaking, but manages, by his fine conversational and musical powers, to mix and live in pretty good society—that is, among the horse-racing fraternity. E. J.

DUBLIN, Wednesday, October 5, 1864.

FRIEND QUEEN—I was in hopes of leaving this city for Queenstown this evening for New York, with the full account of the great International Contest between Joe Coburn and Jem Mace, but as there is a hitch in the programme, and Mace failed to appear on the ground yesterday, the particulars of which will be narrated below, I am compelled to stay for a week or so longer.

As soon as Mace arived in Ireland he put up at the Salt Hill Hotel, Kingston, in company with his trainer and a few friends, but his presence near Dublin was soon noised around, and in a very short time it was known all over the city. This Salt Hill Hotel, though some distance from Dublin, is rather a public place, and some surprise was expressed at his stopping here, when it was known that the authorities were on the alert and had warrants for his arrest. Notwithstanding all this, Mace used to take his walks and runs along the beach two or three times a day in the presence of crowds of people, who, hearing he was there, went expressly to see him. Coburn, on the contrary, was taken to a farm house for his training quarters at Bellingoola, to a place called Ballach, on Sunday morning, about a mile from the spot selected for the fight to come off, by his faithful friends, Jim Cusick and Johnny Mackey, and it was the greatest difficulty in the world to learn anything about his temporary abode, although the place of fighting had been noised all over the city by parties in the interest of Jem Mace, who evidently never intended the fight to come off in Ireland.

Heenan, Bill Ryall, Jack Hamilton, Joe Goss, Jack Rooke, Jack Baldock, Bos Tyler, Jerry Noon, Patsy Reardon, Jem Gollagher, Simon Finighty, Young Dutch Sam, and all the London boxers who could raise the stuff, crossed the Channel on Saturday and Monday.

Frank Dowling, E. Smith, and Harry Holt came over from *Bell's Life*; H. M. Feist, Chas. Westhall, and Harry Reed, from the *Sporting Life*; Mr. Lee and N. Sharp from the *Sporting News*, and nearly every paper in London was represented by one or more reporters, the press having made extensive preparations, such as securing the telegraph lines, etc., to give a glowing account of the mill. The headquarters of the newspaper men was at the Prince of Wales Hotel, Sackville street.

On Monday the referee bugbear business was the all absorbing question of the day, and numerous were the conjectures as to whether a mutual agreement would be arrived at that day or not. Receiving my instructions from Cusick to name Captain Thomas Bowler, a well known hotel keeper of Limerick, a good, responsible, honorable man, well conversant with the rules of the prize ring, and at whose house the fraternity stop while in that city, and in case they refused to accept him, to leave the selection until we arrived on the battle ground. I left town for the place of meeting at Island Bridge on Monday afternoon.

Here was an immense crowd, anxious to learn all the particulars, and the "tip," which was publicly advertised by the avaricious landlord, in order to bring a few pounds to his till, and among them no less than seventeen policemen, in citizens' clothes, were pointed out to me by Coyne, Dillon and Taylor, who accompanied me from the city. The detectives, as a matter of course, had no more difficulty in finding out the "tip" than anybody else, as it is thought that Nat Langham and the hotel keeper were in together, and the hotel being advertised as Coburn's headquarters, although everything else but that, the warm hearted Hibernians patronized the bar very liberally. It was here that gentlemen were "booked to go to the fight" at about treble the usual fare, and it was given out that unless people got their tickets and started from this spot, they wouldn't be able to get to the ground. In fact, the whole thing was turned into a money-making speculation by Ould Nat and Woodruff, the landlord, who, neither one, had no more to do with Coburn than the man in the moon. It seemed that they didn't care what publicity was given to the affair, so long as they raked in the money.

Wishing to avoid any excitement, or distracting the attention of the spectators to the principal actors in the affair, I sought out Brunton in the bar parlor. He at once and in the presence of a hundred people, asked me who we wanted for referee, and was joined in by others of Mace's friends. Not wishing to argue with everybody in the room, I politely asked Brunton who I had to transact business with—him or a dozen, as I was alone and only wanted one man to talk to, which got his back up and offended his dignity, and he wanted to know if I meant by that, that he was not the only authorized agent of Jem Mace. I tried to explain my meaning, but as he is deaf and I don't want to bawl out every word loud enough to be heard outside the street, an adjournment was proposed to a private room. As Mace's trainer, Alf Milner, insisted on being present, together with their own referee and a London reporter, I insisted on having a friend and a Dublin reporter, which was granted, because they couldn't get out of it. I chose Heenan and a reporter from the *Freeman's Journal* of this city; they had E. Smith, of *Bell's Life*, and Chas. Westhall, of the *Sporting Life*. Brunton wanted me to name our man first, to which I objected, but offered to toss up for it, and won. He then named Mr. Smith, of *Bell's Life*, who acted as referee in the Heenan and King fight, and it is asserted by W. W. and J. G., other prominent sporting men of London, got, or was promised £200 for his performance on that occasion—having heard a great deal about the man selected, I objected. Acting on Cusick's orders, when they asked who we proposed, I named Thomas Bowler, and he didn't suit them. They again urged our acceptance of Smith as being connected with the leading newspaper and a responsible man, but it was of no avail, and to save a lengthy argument, I told them that it didn't seem very likely we should come to any conclusion, and having to go to Cashel in Tipperary that afternoon, I told them that we were willing to abide by the usual custom and rules of the prize ring, and choose a referee on the ground. To my surprise they responded that it was not in the articles, and they would do no such thing. "Then what do you intend doing?" I asked. "Why, go home to-night," replied the favorite Irish second, adding, "you are not satisfied with winning the toss, but want to take us among a lot of b——y savages!" alluding to the Irish people, and showing plainly that they wanted to get out of it one way or another. He next had the audacity to ask if we would fight in the London District if they would agree to Mr. Bowler for referee. To this absurd proposition I told him we had had enough of the London District on former occasions, and as the match was made in Ireland, the fight would have to come off in Ireland and nowhere else; furthermore, that we came from a thousand miles for a fight and wanted nothing else but a fight; that Joe Coburn and his seconds would be in the ring at the time specified, according to the Articles of Agreement, and if Mace didn't put in an appearance we should claim the battle money. After a jawing match between Milner and Brunton as to who found Mace the most money, when they nearly got to blows, they left the apartment, avowing that their man shouldn't fight, to inform Mr. Mace, who was in the bar parlor at the time, and liable to be arrested at any moment (this I was told by Jack Hicks and Joe Goss), and very likely would have been had we given them their own referee.

Anticipating some difficulty, Cusick proposed to try and agree on a referee when we met to name the ground, but they insisted on its being put off longer, for reasons best known to themselves. When the articles of agreement were drawn up, they read to the effect that the men were to be governed by the rules of the Pugilistic Benevolent Association, but in order to save time and delay, the clause was inserted to agree upon a referee, if possible, the day before, while if they couldn't agree then, it was to take the usual course, which, in ninety cases out of a hundred has been to choose him on the ground, and from the fact that these words were not inserted in the Articles, after all Mace's blarney about his Irish descent and Brunton's Irish secondism, it appears that Mace never had any idea of fighting in Ireland at all, but has been gagging the people by going through a course of training for effect, giving benefits and raising considerable hard cash.

After leaving Island Bridge, by appointment I called on all the Dublin morning paper offices to call for a reporter from each, and take them to the battle ground, determined that as far as we were concerned, nobody should know the exact spot by word of mouth, lest the papers might possibly let out the secret beforehand. There were six of us, and to throw the "peelers" off their scent, each one took a ticket for a different station. We started from the King's Bridge terminus, and it was rather amusing to see the detectives nonplussed by our shrewdness, which threw them off the track, or, at least, done away with any suspicion as to our going to see the fight, while we looked for every station but Goold's Cross, paying the difference when we got there.

Goold's Cross is about ninety-five miles from Dublin, and it was after eleven when we got there, but as luck would have it, a jaunting car was in waiting, and although it was only made for four passengers, we managed to squeeze in the six.

On the way, the Irish constabulary, armed with muskets, lined the different stations, and very inquisitively poked their noses into the carriage windows, looking for Mace or Coburn, to arrest them, and we had lots of fun by disguising and muffling ourselves up, so as to make them the more curious. At Thurles, the station before Goold's Cross, there were at least fifty of these "peelers," as the Irish disdainfully term them, and from that we inferred that they supposed one or the other of the pugilists would get off there. From the Cross to Cashel it is about five Irish miles, which, on a jaunting car at midnight, with a piercing northeast wind, over an open country, is not the pleasantest journey in the world. We stopped at Cashel till daybreak, in the parlor of a "hotel," sitting up all night, smoking pig-tail tobacco and sipping real Irish whiskey, as there was not a bed in the house that wasn't taken up by a party of Coburn's friends from Liverpool, who had got there before us.

After breakfast we rode back to Goold's Cross Station, but hearing that three persons had been arrested as your correspondent, I made no demonstration, but was supposed to be a Mr. Flynn, and called such by the Dublin reporters. Near the station we met Jim and Mike Coburn, Crocker and Bonfanti, of the Christy Minstrels, and other friends, and when the eleven o'clock train arrived there was a great rush by the constabulary in search of Mace or Coburn, and they actually arrested two men, believing them to be the parties—the man taken for Mace was a Brooklynite named Ryan, with a big moustache, while the one seized as Coburn wore long side-whiskers, which shows that the "peelers" haven't very brilliant ideas as to what constitutes a pugilist. When satisfied that they were only ordinary mortals, they were set at liberty. As very few people came by this train, and none of the London boxers, owing to Mace's having got on a spree Monday night, which satisfied them that he didn't intend even to show on the ground next morning, the police were at their wits' end, and our little party had the greatest difficulty to avoid creating suspicion among them. We walked up and down the roads in different directions, and when the "peelers" followed, we turned back. In this way we managed gradually to throw them off the scent, and determined that Coburn should be on the ground at the time specified, Joe's brothers got a car, and with Charley Westhall, reporter of the *Sporting Life*, and representative of the stakeholder, drove down to the spot where Coburn, Cusick and Mackey were stopping, about a mile and a half from the station, a retreated little spot called Pierstown, Parish of Kilmara, County Tipperary. Not a "peeler" was to be seen, but a hundred jaunting cars, owned by farmers in the county, who had ascertained where the ring was to be pitched, and waited accordingly. As soon as Coburn got the "office," he darted from the farm house which had last afforded him shelter, as frisky as a young colt, and was greeted by a regular Tipperary cheer, which is different from all other cheers I ever heard. I acquainted him with the way matters stood, how that Mace refused to fight, or show on the ground, and that all he had to do was to go in the ring and claim the fight—he could do no more, seeing that Mace was afraid to leave Dublin and had cleared out for London by the first conveyance. In the presence of Westhall, Cusick and I formed a ring of four shillelahs, and Coburn threw in his castor, attended by Cusick and Mackey. Another roaring cheer greeted him as he stood with his head cropped to the bone, his eye sparkling like a star, all the meat off his face, his nasal organ protruding out like the beak of an eagle, and his whole structure the picture of health, strength, activity and endurance—I never saw him looking so well, and Westhall, who had been told that he was not in good fix, started back in astonishment and openly acknowledged that he looked even better than Mace. After staying in the ring for ten or fifteen minutes, Coburn, addressing the crowd that had been increasing in numbers every second, said: "I am here and ready to fight; and as Mace is not here, I claim this fight and the battle money;" then taking a couple of steps he gave a spring and cleared fourteen feet at a bound, amid the greatest enthusiasm from the spectators. During all this time not a policeman was to be seen; they were all stationed on the railway stations, and even Westhall admitted that had Mace shown, the fight, or a portion of it, could have come off as well as not. There would have been no obstacle thrown in the way, and Coburn intended to have given him his own referee if he had only appeared on the ground, but it is not the first time Master Jem has shown the white feather. As there was no prospect of a fight, Joe and his two brothers, together with Capt. Saunders and Johnny Mackey, went straight on towards Limerick junction, while Cusick and I returned to Dublin.

As soon as Mace returned to London he commenced his using grandiloquent cards, and laid all the blame on Coburn [see his card elsewhere]; but from all I can learn, he never intended to fight Coburn in Ireland, but saw a good chance to make a few hundred pounds and seized it. There are a variety of suspicious circumstances connected with Mace.

No ropes and stakes were sent on from London, and if it came to the last extremity he calculated that there would be none, and he could refuse to fight without them—notwithstanding that the articles expressly stipulated that the expenses of the ropes and stakes should be borne mutually, and come out of the main stakes. Coburn, however, had provided for this contingency by securing these necessary articles from a sporting barber in Dublin, and had them handy in case none came from England.

Mace got the money for his colors on delivery, and sold over £600's worth—Coburn didn't ask to be paid for his till after the fight. Mace made an exhibition of himself on the public streets and in the Dublin theatres before the fight—Coburn's whereabouts could never be got at, until a day or two before, when he was chased from place to place the same as Heenan before the Sayers affair; but, owing to Cusick's generalship, avoided arrest, and so anxious were the people to see the fight that the magistrate who signed the warrant for Coburn's arrest, sent his own son to notify him in time to get out of the way. It seems to have been a common opinion that Mace would never fight in Ireland, that if he didn't get out one way he would another, and I begin to think so too. If Mace had showed at the ringside and Coburn not, it doesn't take long to guess who would get the money—we shall see how things will go now. As to Coburn throwing obstacles in the way, that's all moonshine, for he is ready to add £500 more and make it £2,000, provided Mace will fight in Ireland, and he will also go the same distance in any other direction, or toss over again, or do almost anything for a fight, except going in the London District. Both claim the money, but it is thought that unless Mace fights it will end in a draw. Should such be the case, Mace's reputation will be worth very little. E. J.

EXTRAORDINARY CANINE CONTEST.—STAKES TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.—On the 14th of September articles were signed for a match between Harry Jennings' yellow dog Turk, and Jake Roome's yellow and white dog Spring, at 26lbs. each, to fight on the 13th of October, for one thousand dollars a side, said to be the largest amount ever fought for in the Canine Ring. Jennings accepted $50 to fight in New York. The money was duly deposited, according to agreement, and on the day of the fight the entire amount to be fought for was in the hands of the stakeholder. The fight took place in a quiet spot in this vicinity, in the presence of one of the most respectable and orderly assemblages ever seen at a similar exhibition. The fight was well contested, each animal showing some capital points; at one stage of the battle it looked as though Turk was about to sustain defeat, but he soon after recovered himself, and went in vigorously. After fighting one hour and 45 minutes, a turn was had, and it being Turk's place to scratch, he went forward in the most lively manner, and the two dogs were again locked in each other's "warm embrace;" after being together 25 minutes, another turn was had, and Spring had to scratch. The word was given, but Spring had evidently had enough of it, for he not only refused to scratch, but actually jumped the pit, and the battle was decided in favor of Turk, after a contest of two hours and ten minutes. Turk was the favorite, Jennings offering $1000 to $700, and then $1000 to $600, but the opposite party demanded 2 to 1. Everything was quietly conducted; there was no rowdyism; and the decisions were all acquiesced in without a murmur of dissatisfaction. The stakes were handed over to Jennings on the following day, when he soon after returned to Boston.

A FIVE MILE BOAT RACE, in seventeen feet working boats, is to take place between W. Hays and John Biglin, off Nautilus Hall, Staten Island, on November 2d, for $500 a side. The particulars in detail will be found in the following Articles of Agreement for a boat race between Wm. H. Hays and John Biglin; By these articles, John Biglin agrees to row W. Hays a race of five miles, in seventeen feet stern boats, not to exceed seventeen feet five inches in length, to row on the gunwale; said race to take place at Staten Island, on November 2d, 1864, between the hours of two and four P. M., play or pay, over the course from off Nautilus Hall toward Fort Richmond, two miles and a half out, to turn one stake boat and return to place of starting. Said parties agree to row for the sum of one thousand dollars, or five hundred dollars a side. Two hundred and fifty a side, as forfeit, is now placed in the hands of Mr. Frank Queen, who shall be stakeholder; the remainder to be made good in the stakeholder's hands one week before the day of the race—Oct. 26th. The judges shall choose the referee before the race takes place.

For JOHN BIGLIN, Cornelius McNally.
For W. HAYS, Charles B. Elliott.
Witness—DICK RISDON.
CLIPPER OFFICE, October 13th, 1864.

A PUGILISTIC CONVENTION will be held at Stuyvesant Institute on the evening of Tuesday, the 18th inst., when and where many of the leading pugilists of this city and suburbs will have sundry sets-to with the gloves for the benefit of Dooney Harris, late conqueror of Patsey Marley, and now matched to fight Peter Martin, of Philadelphia, for $2000. This is the first time, we believe, that the beneficiaire has taken the stump in this district to solicit the suffrages of the people, and it is to be hoped that Dooney will have a bumber ben. In addition to the sparring there will be club swinging, dancing, fiddling, etc., and with Sir William Tovee as President, every and any man ought to get *quid pro quo* for his 50 cents. Invest and try it. Dooney has left Mark Maguire, because he, Mark, discharged Dooney's trainer.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A VALUABLE TROTTING HORSE.—The celebrated trotting horse Royal George, owned by Mr. Field, of Buffalo, died suddenly at the stables of Carpenter's Island Park Course on the 9th inst. The horse was apparently well ten minutes before his death. He had taken his morning feed and trotted twice around the course, and never moved with more spirit and vigor. On reaching the stable he suddenly fell down, and died without a single struggle or groan before the harness could be taken off. Disease of the heart was the probable cause. Royal George was valued at $15,000, and only the week previous Mr. Field declined a cash tender of $10,000 for him.

WRESTLING MATCH.—Having understood that Mr. Harry Hill has been making some uncalled for remarks concerning me, and my wrestling abilities, I hereby challenge the said Hill to wrestle a match with me at either side hold, loose hold, back hold, running catch, or collar and elbow, for $1,000, or as much more as he may be willing to wrestle for. If this does not suit him, I will fight him either according to the rules of the London Prize Ring, or rough and tumble. An early response will meet with immediate attention from UZILE PRICKETT.

TURK AND SPRING.—We learn that both these dogs have died, after their game contest on the 13th inst. Spring died in this city on Sunday last, and Turk, in Boston, on the morning of the same day. The death of the latter is attributable, not solely to the injuries he received in the battle, but to his owner, Harry Jennings, having taken him home too soon after the fight. Harry purposes having his dog stuffed in the best style of art.

BALL PLAY.

ATLANTIC VS. ATLANTIC.

A very interesting match took place on the Capitoline Grounds, at Bedford, Brooklyn, on Oct. 13th, on the occasion of the benefit given to Joe Start, the first baseman of the new Atlantic nine. The contestants in the match were the nine of 1860 vs. the nine of 1864, or rather those were the intended parties to the game, but all did not appear. The weather was very unpleasant; a high wind prevailed and the atmosphere was decidedly winterish in temperature, benumbing the hands and making fielding a difficult and painful task. Had a full representation of both nines been present, and the weather mild, the game would undoubtedly have been one of the most interesting played on the grounds this season. Of the veterans who were present, there was Boerum, M. O'Brien, Price, Smith, Pearce, P. O'Brien and Tice Hamilton, the absentees being John Oliver and Archy McMahon, Joe Oliver playing in the latter's place, and Wm. Lord—a graduate of the amateurs—as substitute for Oliver. This in a measure necessitated a change of position from the old programme, Joe Oliver playing at left field, P. O'Brien at centre, and Pearce at 2d base, Lord playing at short field. Of this party, Smith, Pearce and P. O'Brien were in good practice, as were Hamilton and Oliver, Hamilton having played of late in the heavy weight matches; but Boerum and Price were exceedingly rusty, and so was M. O'Brien, apparently. The new nine—or rather six of them by the way, for P. O'Brien, Pearce and Smith are of the new nine—was composed of Crane, Pratt, Start, Sprague, Chapman, Galvin, Elmendorf, Coggswell and Korf, who respectively filled the positions of catcher, pitcher, 1st, 2d and 3d bases, short stop and out fielders. Of these the three outer fielders were in the places of the three lent to the old nine, Coggswell being a new Atlantic player, and Korf one of the amateurs of the club. The old nine in this arrangement had the advantage. Lord was the only substitute, whereas the new nine had three "subs" all far below the mark of the nine. At 2:40 the game was commenced, a goodly number of spectators being present despite the unpleasantness of the weather, the veterans especially having a host of friends on hand. The "old fellers," as the youngsters of the new nine called them, were the first to take the bat, and they did so sanguine of giving the "boys" about as sound a thrashing in the game as they ever had received. The first hit resulting in a miss catch, and a secured base, and the second in a run, rather gave things the appearance of something of the kind, but the second striker, being a little too confident in running his bases, was put out at home base, and the next two were easily disposed of, one run being the result. After this the boys got well into their work in the fielding department, and managed without any very special display of skill to put out the old fellers for blank scores in the six following innings, greatly to the surprise and disgust of the veterans who had never viewed the matter in that light before. Before the third innings had been completed Charles Smith gave public notice that he was sick, Matty O'Brien had a pain in his back from pitching, Boerum couldn't feel his hands, and Price wished he had staid home. Peter O'Brien wanted to know what the devil was the matter with the fellows, that they couldn't play up properly, and Dicky Pearce became as serious as if the honors of the season depended upon the result. In fact, there was but one man of the nine who did his duty effectually throughout, and that was Joe Oliver, and he certainly never fielded better in his life than he did in this match. His activity in the field was a decided feature of the game, and his fly-catches quite models to copy from, and the manner in which he took balls on the bound was such as to make them creditable catches. In the first four innings the youngsters scored no less than 16 runs, Matty O'Brien being the pitcher, he being allowed to pitch according to the old style of delivery. Had he been kept on, the score would probably have been double what it was, but in the fifth innings Pearce went on to pitch, and though he sent in slow balls, he delivered them with such judgement and effect that the boys could do nothing with them at all, blank scores in each innings being the result. This, of course, encouraged the veterans a little, and they began to take things more philosophically than before. In fact, they even went so far as to smile, and afterwards banter the boys about the warming they were going to give them the next innings, and sure enough they did, for in the next innings (the eighth) they got the Youngsters excited, and managed to secure no less than eight runs, the boys themselves getting three from the Veterans in return, loud cheers from the Veterans friends greeting their efforts in this innings. In the ninth innings the old chaps added two to their score, their total being 11, the boys being disposed of for a blank score for a total of 19. Had Pearce gone on to pitch in the first part of the game, it is questionable whether the boys would have obtained half the runs they did. It was amusing to see how eager to win each side became in the latter part of the game. In fact, it became quite an exciting match in the last two innings. Of the play on the part of the Youngsters, that of Crane, as catcher, was excellent, and Chapman's play at third base, especially in fly-catching, was very praiseworthy. Pratt pitched in his best style, and Galvin did service in no less than five positions during the game. After the game was over the parties fought their battle over again with their tongues while discussing their chowder at the club rooms, and we presume that nothing short of another trial, by way of closing the season, will satisfy them. The "old fellers" yet think they can polish the boys off when they have worn off their rust a little, and the Youngsters feel confident that they can knock the Veterans out of time every day in the week, and so the matter stands. Six blank scores in succession do not argue favorably for the Veteran side, however. The following is the full score of the match:—

BATTING.

OLD NINE.	H.L.	R.	NEW NINE.	H.L.	R.
Pearce, s s	3	2	Crane, c	2	4
Smith, 3d b	2	2	Chapman, 3d b	2	4
P. O'Brien, l f	2	1	Start, 1st b	4	2
Boerum, c	5	0	Elmendorf, l f	0	4
Lord, 2d b	3	1	Pratt, p	2	3
M. O'Brien, p	2	1	Coggswell, c f	4	1
Hamilton, r f	3	2	Galvin, s s	4	1
Price, 1st b	5	0	Korf, r f	5	0
Joe Oliver, c f	2	2	Sprague, 2d b	4	0
Total		11	Total		19

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Old Nine	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	2	—11
New Nine	3	6	4	3	0	0	0	3	0	—19

Passed balls—Crane, 5; Galvin, 2.
Struck out—Sprague, 1; Lord, 1.
Fly catches made—Joe Oliver, 3; Price, 2; Pearce, 2; Smith, 1; P. O'Brien, 1; M. O'Brien, 1—total, 10. Chapman, 5; Elmendorf, 2; Pratt, 2; Galvin, 2; Crane, 1; Start, 1—total, 13.
Catches missed—Chapman, 1; Coggswell, 1; Pearce, 1; Smith, 1; M. O'Brien, 1.
Left on bases—Elmendorf, 2; Pratt, 1; Coggswell, 1; Galvin, 1; Sprague, 1; Smith, 1; M. O'Brien, 1; P. O'Brien, 1.
Put out on bases—Old Nine, 9 times; New Nine, 5 times.
Put out on foul balls—Old Nine, 8 times; New Nine, 3 times.
Run out—Korf by Price, Pratt by Pearce.

THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN JUNIOR MATCH.

THE match between selected sides of the New York, New Jersey, and Brooklyn Junior Clubs, which took place at Bedford, on the Capitoline grounds, on Friday, October 7th, proved to be quite an interesting and closely contested game, the proceedings being of an exciting character towards the close. The demand on our columns necessitates our being brief; we therefore give the score only:—

BATTING.

NEW YORK.	H.L.	R.	BROOKLYN.	H.L.	R.
Martin, p	2	1	Cook, l f	3	2
Ketcham, c	3	1	Butler, c f	4	2
Donovan, 1st b	4	1	Regan, 1st b	3	2
Duncan, 3d b	5	0	Eagan, 2d b	3	2
Hunt, s s	3	2	Heffern, s s	3	2
Willis, r f	0	4	Ferguson, 3d b	2	2
Clark, r s	3	2	McDiarmed, c	1	2
Stamford, c f	4	0	Clark, r f	5	0
Smith, 2d b	3	2	Sullivan, p	2	4
Johnson, l f	3	0	Neefus, r s	4	1
Total		13	Total		19

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
New York	5	1	2	0	0	2	1	0	0	2—13
Brooklyn	3	2	2	0	1	1	0	0	2	8—19

Passed balls—Ketcham, 3; Donovan, 2; Clarke, 5; McDiarmed, 3.
Double plays—By Hunt and Smith, and by Hunt alone.
Struck out—Duncan, 2; Stamford, 1; Clark, 1.
Fly catches made—Cook, 3; Butler, 1; Ferguson, 1; Clark, 1—total, 6. Smith, 4; Martin, 2; Ketcham, 2; Donovan, 1; Hunt, 1—total, 10.
Catches missed—Martin, 2; Ketcham, 2; Donovan, 2; Duncan, 1; Hunt, 1; Smith, 1; Johnson, 1; Cook, 1; Eagan, 1; Clark, 1; Sullivan, 1.
Left on bases—Martin, 2; Ketcham, 1; Willis, 1; Johnson, 1; Cook, 1; Regan, 1; Eagan, 1; Ferguson, 1; McDiarmed, 2.
Put out on bases—Brooklyn, 11 times; New York, 13 times.
Put out on foul balls—Brooklyn, 10 times; New York, 9 times.
Run out—Eagan by Hunt.

BASE BALL IN PORTLAND.

A MATCH took place in Portland, Me., on the 8th inst., between the Osceola B. B. C. and Active B. B. C., resulting in the defeat of the former. The Osceola is composed of older boys than the Active, the oldest boy on the A. (being 19) is as small as the smallest in Osceola's. The Osceola nine who played consisted in part of the nine that went up to Boston and played with the Trimountain, where they were beaten by the following score: T.'s, 53 runs; O.'s, 18 runs. The following is the score of the game played on the 8th:—

BATTING.

ACTIVE.	H.L.	R.	OSCEOLA.	H.L.	R.
Small, c	2	3	Waldron, c	3	0
Waterhouse, p	5	2	Emerson, p	4	0
McCobb, 1st b	1	5	Tomlinson, 1st b	2	1
Asencio, 2d b	3	3	Williams, 2d b	2	1
Burgin, 3d b	2	4	Libbey, 3d b	3	0
Mathews, s s	3	3	Armstrong, s s	2	1
Woodman, l f	2	2	Dennis, l f	2	1
Perley, r f	3	3	Clark, c f	1	1
			Cole, r f	2	1
Total		25	Total		6

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Osceola	0	0	1	0	0	0	5—6
Active	4	9	3	4	1	0	4—25

On account of the darkness, only seven innings were played, the other two having been postponed, but since then the Osceolas have sent word that they do not wish to play the other innings. The fielding of the A.'s was excellent, and two very handsome fly catches were made by McCobb and Waterhouse. Williams and Emerson, of the Osceolas, did all their outside playing. The fly game was observed throughout.

THE HEAVY WEIGHT MATCH.—The third game of the series between the heavy weights of New York and Brooklyn—postponed from Oct. 11th—is to take place on the 17th on the Capitoline grounds, Brooklyn, at 2 P. M. The Brooklyn nine on this occasion will be Boerum, Dakin, Smith, Price, C. Mills, Galvin Thwaites, Brown, and Hamilton. The New York nine will include Jackson, Dr. Bell, Clark, Phenis, Simonson, Campbel, Kettleman, Fortner, and Reed. The Capitoline has been selected as the neutral ground, the first match having been played on the Union ground.

ATLANTIC VS. EMPIRE.—The last match the Atlantics play this season will be their return game with the Empires, which is to take place at Hoboken on Oct. 19th at 2 P. M.

BASE BALL PLAYERS VS. CRICKETERS—EAGLE CLUB VS NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB.—A very interesting day's play is to be had between the above clubs on Wednesday, 19th inst., on the Bedford cricket grounds, on which occasion a cricket match in the morning and a game of ball in the afternoon is to be played.

THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT IN IRELAND,

BETWEEN

Joe Coburn and Jem Mace.

AMERICA vs. GREAT BRITAIN.

LATER NEWS.

This great pugilistic event is now the all absorbing topic in sporting circles, and every word or rumor, whether in conversation or in type, is eagerly sought for, more particularly by those who have taken stock in the result. The *latest news* which reached by telegraph is that the fight did not take place on the 4th inst., the day fixed for its decision; that Coburn appeared in the ring, but that Mace was *non est inventus*. Up to October 1st, everything had progressed in a satisfactory manner, as will be readily discovered by a perusal of the following interesting details quoted from our foreign exchanges up to that date. *Bell's Life*, of October 1st, says:—

We are now on the eve of this important match, which, as our readers are aware, is fixed to come off on Tuesday, Oct. 4, in Ireland, within 100 miles of Dublin, for £1000, and as it is now known that both men are in the Emerald Isle, and close handy to the starting place, the doubts long existing as to the probabilities of a mill appear to have vanished, and the encounter is beginning to excite something like genuine interest. The toss for choice of place, we stated in our last, was won by Mr. E. James, of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, on behalf of Joe Coburn, and it was then arranged that Joe should send a notice yesterday, Sept. 30, to Jem Mace, at Mr. Woodruffe's, Cambridge Arms, Island Bridge, of the rendezvous. This condition was duly complied with, Jem sending a trustworthy agent to receive the necessary office, not deeming it prudent to show himself publicly in the Irish capital. The secret was of course only imparted to Jem's agent, and will not be publicly known until the latest minute on Monday, Oct. 3, for reasons best known to those acquainted with the activity of the Irish constabulary. We shall not be transgressing the rules of caution, however, by stating that the start will be an unusually early one—that the journey will extend as nearly as possible to the full 100 miles—and that due care will be taken by the managers of the trip to secure the comfort and convenience of the travellers.

Joe Coburn has been training under the watchful eye of Cusick, a few miles from his native town of Limerick, and is represented by his friends to be well up to the mark, and, although making no outward demonstrations of confidence, seems to regard the forthcoming mill with an amount of *sang froid* that shows he is not fearful of disgracing his country. We have, of course, heard many rumors that he has taken no great amount of work, and has not put that restraint upon his appetite that is required for fit training; but to those we have turned a deaf ear, treating them as the idle gossip of those who wish to shine out as more knowing than their neighbors. Joe's own friends assure us they are satisfied, and that is sufficient for us. His weight, we are told, will be very little over 11 stone. In age he will have the advantage of Mace, being still under 30, while the ex-Champion is 34. We do not suppose he will appear in Dublin at all previous to the mill, and this course Mace informs us will also be adopted by him, so as to avoid all unnecessary risk. Jem Mace has been under the care of Alf. Aflmer, of Sheffield, first at Newmarket and subsequently near Liverpool, from whence he paid a flying visit to Doncester, and, as we are credibly informed, disposed of no less than 300 colors, receiving the *quid pro quo* on the spot, instead of, as is the custom, giving the handkerchief on the usual terms—viz., a guinea if he won, or nothing if he lost. If this be the case, Master Jem may be congratulated on having done a very fair stroke of business, and that, too, without any risk of interfering with his training, which, his backers inform us, he never neglected for a day. In the early part of the present week he and his mentor went to Holyhead, and thence on Wednesday they proceeded to Ireland, taking up their quarters at an hotel a few miles from Dublin, where Jem has been putting on the finishing touch. He writes word that he never felt so well in his life, and has no fears as to the result. His weight at present, he says, is 11st 5lb, some 6lb more than he ever weighed before when fully trained. This, we should say, is rather too heavy, but doubtless his trainer is the best judge. We have heard but little betting in this country, and, so far as we can learn, speculation is equally dull on the other side. £70 to £40 on Mace was offered at Newmarket on Thursday in the Rooms, but the offers did not elicit a rise. Similar odds have been offered in Dublin with a like result. As to the ways and means of getting to the fight, we should advise our friends to leave at the latest by the "Wild Irish Express," as it is called, on Monday morning, and arrive in Dublin the same evening.

As touching any arrangements for ring keeping we can hold out no hopes of assistance. It would be impossible to take over a number of members of the Association on spec, as their expenses would have to be defrayed out of the funds, and the chances of recouping the amount so expended would be small indeed, and we can only hope that those members of the P. R. who may be present will, for the sake of their own body and for their own reputation, use their personal influence to promote order and fair play. The usages of the P.R. are almost unknown in the sister isle, and it cannot therefore be supposed that the inner ring will be respected without some exertion being made by the *habitues* to ensure such a result. This alone can be attained by persuasion and remonstrance, violence and threats being utterly out of the question. Paddy, when he sees a thing in the right way, has quite as great a love of fair play and manliness as any one else, and we feel assured that on this occasion there is every disposition to have the contest fairly fought out. Joe Coburn has thrown himself into the hands of his countrymen in search of fair play, and Jem Mace is not behind hand in showing confidence in those from whom on all previous occasions he has received nothing but kindness. The latest intelligence we have received from Dublin is to the effect that a place of fighting has been satisfactorily arranged and that the conveyance thereto will be of a special nature, which, as we have above stated, will not be made known till late on Monday. The only point now to be got over is the selection of a referee—a task which, we fear, will be attended with some difficulty. The articles provide that the men or their representatives are to meet on Monday to agree mutually on some person to undertake this unwelcome office; but unfortunately no provision is made for his selection should the meeting to agree terminate in an agreement to differ. As to this let us hope for the best, and trust that, should harmony be established, the person honored with selection will prove competent to his duties, and discharge them fearlessly, with full regard to the rules of the Ring, and without favor or affection towards either side.

The *Sporting Life* of the same date also gives some very interesting particulars as well as news from Dublin, up to as late as the night of September 30th. It says:—

Provided no unexpected interference takes place, the great battle between Jem Mace and Joe Coburn will positively be brought to an issue on Tuesday next, within one hundred miles of Dublin. Contrary to the tone of feeling in England, there is immense excitement in pugilistic circles on the other side of St. George's Channel. Our Prize-ring reporter left London on Wednesday, and the editor of the *Sporting Life* and other members of the staff will reach Dublin this (Saturday) evening, so that our readers may depend upon receiving the fullest and most authentic information in reference to the Irish-Anglo-American mill. We have received information from Dublin up to the latest moment before going to press, and our correspondents speak confidently of the affair being brought off without let or hindrance. Mace writes us in capital spirits, and is evidently very sanguine. Jem arrived at a snug hotel near Dublin, on Wednesday, accompanied by his *latus Achates* Alf Milner, and his secretary, Harry Montague, and in his letter to us Mace says, "we are comfortably situated, and shall remain at this place until the fight. I never felt better, and should I get fair play I have no doubt as to the result." Mace wishes us to state particularly that, contrary to general rumor, he has never seen Coburn spar, and moreover, that he (Mace) has never felt the slightest curiosity to see the Irish-American put up his hands. Coburn, since his arrival in England, has made many friends by his unassuming conduct, but those professionals who have seen him box do not think much of his "performances," and Jack Rooke especially declares he would go without a breakfast for six months to have an opportunity of meeting Master Joseph in the P. R. Our Pugilistic reporter informs us that there is a perfect "sensation" in Ireland, and that crowds await the arrival of the London trains at the West-End terminus. Nat Langham, plenipotentiary for Coburn, arrived in Dublin on Monday evening, and the unmistakeable fighting "mug" of the only conqueror of Tom Sayers caused the "ould one" to be identified immediately as a "pug," and many would have it that he was neither more nor less than Joe Coburn. In fact, every athletic-looking person that has reached Dublin during the last few days has been put down by the uninitiated for Coburn or Mace. Harry Brunton reached Dublin safe and sound early on Tuesday evening, and was soon recognized as Mace's Irish second, and we may also mention here that Jerry Noon has been retained for the Englishman's corner, and left Newmarket yesterday for Ireland. Directly Brunton arrived in Dublin, a report was industriously circulated that Mace had also arrived "incog.," and every one interested in the affair was on the *qui vive* to find out the whereabouts of the doughty little Champion, but, as our previous remarks will show, Mace had quietly taken up his quarters at a hotel in the suburbs of Dublin. Coburn, after a short trip from his training-quarters near Limerick, returned on Saturday, and was visited on Thursday by his mentor, Cusick, and Mr. E. James. The betting in Dublin is 2 to 1 on Mace, the backers laying the odds freely; at the same time a few book-makers are stanch fielders, apparently thinking that Coburn, having won the choice of ground, has a slight pull, which, coupled with his magnificent condition, encourages them to play their game of *fielding out*. Notwithstanding the woful laments about the fight not taking place, at all the sporting-houses in the Irish metropolis not a doubt appears to rest in the minds of those who ought and are supposed to know that the fight will be interrupted at all, and the only misgiving is as to the election of a referee. At present, the notables that have arrived in Dublin are Nat Langham, Harry Brunton, Job Cobley, Ted Napper, and Jack Hicks, but a great reinforement is expected on the arrival of the Saturday's mail. On Monday, all the necessary arrangements will be made for carrying out the expedition safely, when ring-keepers and other officials will be finally appointed. People who imagined that the Irish are likely to be too partial to Coburn on account of his Hibernian blood, have no reason to fear foul play, as Mace is a great favourite with the Patlanders, and they are sure to see justice done him. Coburn's friends will muster in strong force around the ring. Mr. Edwin James (of New York) and Captain Saunders (Coburn's Uncle) have arrived in Dublin, and Joe's two brothers (Jem and Mike) are *en route*. The following is the latest intelligence from our reporter in Dublin:—

DUBLIN, Thursday night, 11 P. M.

Early this evening (say six P. M.) the news spread all over Dublin that Jem Mace had arrived by the morning mail boat, the Leinster, in consequence of the following paragraph appearing in the second edition of the *Freeman's Journal*:—

"THE MACE AND COBURN FIGHT.—Mace arrived at Kingstown, per the mail steamer, this morning. He was accompanied by his trainer. He goes at once into the country. It is announced that the arrangements for carrying out the fight are progressing satisfactorily, and that the authorities are sure to be 'done.'"

Now, as our reporter arrived by that particular mail boat at Kingstown, and no Jem Mace was on board, inquiries were made by our representative, and the solution of the problem was, that one of the railway officials at Kingstown, who had once seen Mace, stated that a closely-shaven stranger, with his valet, was Coburn's opponent. The news of the arrival of Mace caused a great sensation in Dublin amongst those who were not up to the real "office." Our representative, towards seven P. M., wended his way towards Kingstown, fully expecting to see Jem Mace, but he did not show up, being quietly located in his temporary quarters. Dublin is almost without a sporting house that affects pugilism, and in the evening not a word was spoken respecting the mill, with the exception of a passing remark as to the whereabouts and the presence of the men in Dublin. At Mr. Woodruffe's (the recognized headquarters of the English "talent"), a very large company assembled, when the merits and demerits of the combatants were canvassed freely.

BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

DUBLIN, TUESDAY NIGHT, Sept. 30th.

Everything has gone off smoothly up to the moment of this telegram being despatched this evening. Mace and Coburn have for prudential reasons kept remarkably quiet since their arrival in Dublin, and the anxiety of the public to catch a glimpse of the combatants remains unabated. The meeting for the selection of place of fighting took place this (Friday) afternoon. Mace was represented by his secretary, Harry Montague, and Mr. Edwin James of the New York CLIPPER, acted as ambassador for Joe Coburn. The American, as our readers will remember, won the toss for choice of ground, and named this afternoon a spot at the extreme verge of the 100 miles limit, and there can be no doubt that a long journey from Dublin will be necessary. Although we are in possession of all the facts as to the probable place of fighting, our readers will see the urgency of keeping this piece of information extremely "dark." Mace and Coburn are both well and confident, and the battle-ground selected is in such a peaceable locality that great hopes are entertained of bringing off the mill the first time of asking. Indeed, the police authorities, to speak the truth, seem as much interested in the result as anybody in England or Ireland. Our reporter called upon Mace last (Friday) evening, at his training-quarters near Dublin, but Jem was out with his indefatigable trainer for a long walk, and did not return in time for an inspection. The only important matter to be adjusted now is the agreement on both sides as to the choice of a referee. The representatives of the men will meet at Mr. Woodruffe's, the Cambridge Arms, Island Bridge, near Dublin, on Monday, between twelve and two p. m., to agree as to the election of this all-important functionary.

Commenting on the status of affairs, the condition and ability of the men, choice of ground and referee, the last named being the only hitch in the proceedings anticipated, the same paper says editorially:—

Mace and Coburn will, according to the articles of their engagement, meet in Ireland on Tuesday next, to decide their long-pending match. Although there has been some apathy in England concerning the coming encounter, it seems that the reverse has been the case in Dublin, and throughout the Emerald Isle. The fact of Coburn being an Irishman by birth has infused something like nationality into the encounter, and his steadily-maintained determination to fight nowhere but in Ireland has tickled the vanity of "Pat" immensely. The sons of Erin, if somewhat impulsive and irritably exuberant, are still faithful to their friends, and constant admirers of fair play. Coburn, by an ingenious mode of flattery, has contrived to elicit the sympathies of the Irish population on his side, but Mace has, without doubt, a host of supporters in the sister island, who admire him for the valor and skill he has displayed in his great public battles. Much secrecy has necessarily been observed in the preliminary arrangements, and for some days there has been a general migration of the London "fancy" interested in this really important battle. Brunton and Langham have been in Dublin for some days past, completing arrangements, and our reporters inform us that the interest manifested across the Channel is something wonderful. Everything progresses satisfactorily, and the common impression is that there will be no interference on the part of the police. Mace, under date of Thursday, wrote us a letter which indicates that he is in the best possible spirits and eager to meet Coburn. No man in England can be more improved than Mace, and the last time we saw him stripped he was a model worthy of Praxiteles himself. Coburn since his arrival in England has conducted himself very quietly, and is represented as being in the perfection of condition. His friends have great confidence in his prowess, and Mace is not likely to hold him too cheap, as Jem learnt a lesson from King that is likely to be of service to him in all future contests. Indeed, Englishmen will not treat American pugilists lightly, after the surprise they received when Heenan made such a remarkable stand against Sayers, the very best middle-weight man that ever put up his hands in the Prize Ring. Coburn, it is certain, can be no mean antagonist. In his last fight in America, on May 5th, 1863, he met and defeated an immense fellow named McCoole, after a desperate battle of one hour and twenty minutes. Coburn on that occasion weighed but 11st., while McCoole stripped a giant, 6ft. 1in. in height, and weighing about 13st 2lb. It should be mentioned that "Mac," as he is familiarly styled in the language of American Prize-ring reporters, had made a tremendous reputation for courage and endurance prior to this match, and that while in Australia he was the terror of the Bush. In the early part of the fight Coburn surprised even his friends by the effectual manner in which he cut up his adversary, and outgeneralled McCoole at all points. Coburn displayed mastery of science, and great effectiveness and celerity in administering punishment, and, but for once being cautioned by the referee for "shiftiness" in getting down, would have been hailed the winner of as brilliant and unsullied a combat as any recorded in the annals of pugilism. However, he did all that was required of him, laughing at some of McCoole's most savage blows, and finally reducing the giant to the physical weakness of a mere child when the sponge was thrown up. It will be seen that Coburn's was no insignificant achievement, and that Mace has to meet an opponent on Tuesday who, at all events, possesses the qualifications of courage, and that marked activity and power which alone enable small men to counterbalance any disparities of weight, height, and length which may be against them. Mace is looked up to as the representative pugilist among Englishmen, illustrating his art of self defence in its best aspect. All his recent fights have been honorable to him, because they have been manly, and when defeated he has not been disgraced. Brunton—who, as the phrase runs, has taken Mace "in hand"—is one of the most honest men we have in connection with the Prize-ring; and Tom Sayers—who, to whose honor be it said, never played false with his backers—always confided his interests to this really genuine and excellent second. There is every prospect of a thoroughly honest fight; and if our American cousins imagine that their countryman will not receive fair play, they are much mistaken. We feel satisfied that there is no person in Great Britain but wishes to see the maxim of the Ring exemplified in this matter, and "the best man win." Coburn has been influenced by the bunkum claptrap of the Yankees in making it a *sine qua non* to fight in Ireland, and we can assure him that the spirit of Englishmen is so much in favor of fair play, that wherever and whenever he meets Mace, the sympathies of the public will be equally enlisted on his side as on Mace's, if he fights in a straightforward manner, although the latter, from his known performances, is the favorite in the betting. There is little fear of the great battle not being brought off, as all arrangements have been made, and our columns on Wednesday will doubtless contain a lengthy report by telegraph of the encounter, decidedly the most exciting since Heenan and Sayers fought at Farnborough. The only stumbling block at present seems to us the choice of referee, which has lately involved all manner of difficulties. In the first place it is by no means easy to get any one to consent to fill that most unthankful office; and, in the second place, all kinds of frivolous objections may be raised on either side to suit special purposes. But as Mace and Coburn both mean fighting, according to their open assertions, we trust they will not allow any unnecessary impediments to arise on this score. Upon the probable issue of the match we can venture to offer no opinion, but Mace, whom we consider to be at the present moment a better man than ever, ought to be able to vanquish the Irish-American, if there is anything in "pluck and science." Mace has, within the last five years accomplished some wonderful things, beating all sorts of men, and, as a rule, when matched against pugilists having the advantage of height, weight, reach, and youth. That he disposed of Tom King in a thoroughly clever fight we all know, and in his second encounter with the conqueror of Heenan, it is the opinion of many that he was only knocked out of time by a chance blow, such as big men are almost sure to deliver in the course of a conflict of any duration. Americans, we understand, insist upon regarding this as an "international" affair; but here, in England, there is no such feeling. If, however, our countrymen felt disposed to regard the combat as such, they have no cause to shrink from Mace's colors as the English Champion. He is, we believe, determined to do his best, and, when in earnest, there cannot be a better man to stand by. According to our latest advices from Dublin, arrangements so far had been satisfactorily carried out, and it is believed that there will be no such difficulties as have recently interfered with prize fights in the Home Circuit. Nothing has yet been positively made known as to the business arrangements, but it is said that a "special train" has been engaged from Dublin for the fighting expedition on Tuesday. As usual, the approach of a great fight has aroused the canting expostulations of some of our daily contemporaries. One of the organs of the Liberals has asked hysterically for interference on the part of the authorities, and maunders over the probability of the contest with a solemnity befitting some great national calamity. What wretched nonsense all this is! Englishmen love a good, fair, stand up fight, and it requires no gift of prophecy to foretel that on Tuesday morning our countrymen will be thinking of the modern gladiators—Mace and Coburn.

NEWS DIRECT FROM IRELAND.

The interest manifested in the result of the fight by the "Sons of Erin" was on the increase at last advices. The *Belfast Northern Whig* of Sept. 29th says:—

"As the day of the great encounter between Mace and Coburn draws near, the excitement in this part of the kingdom increases, especially as Coburn has declared that he will not fight if the original condition be not adhered to, so that the encounter must take place (*if at all*) in Ireland, and within 100 miles of Dublin. In Belfast the odds are five to four and six to four on Mace, but further south the men are at 'evens.' Rumors are afloat, and places have been set down as the scene of this great pugilistic encounter, but they are all astray, as in consequence of Coburn's refusal to fight out of Ireland, the selected spot has not yet been fixed upon, but will be finally settled among the 'fancy' this day, and will be kept perfectly secret till Monday next, and will then only be told to those who can be depended upon, and who will pay down the cash for conveyance to the spot."

In another Irish paper, *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, in its issue of October 1st, we are told that

"The parties interested in bringing off the match for £1,000 between Mace and Coburn had a meeting on Sept. 30th, at Mr. Woodruffe's, at which it is stated all the preliminaries, except one, were finally and satisfactorily arranged. The matter held over was the appointment of the referee, the gentleman who will have the pleasant duty of adjudicating upon any disputed points that may arise between the belligerents during the fight. *No difficulties, however, will be thrown in the way of the selection of this important "official,"* as the representatives of Mace and Coburn are respectively most anxious to settle every point amicably and bring the men face to face in the ring. In order to make all things sure, the ropes and stakes which are used by pugilistic practitioners on the "London circuit" will be brought over here to be used in forming the ring within which the boxers are to contend on Tuesday. Several of the most noted fighting men who have come over for the event, will be told off as "ring-keepers," to preserve "order" and ensure impartiality while the combat proceeds. From dusk till late in the night, Mr. Woodruffe's tavern was thronged by parties anxious to glean tidings of the forthcoming affair, and Nat Langham, the conqueror of Tom Sayers; Joe Cobley, "the Elastic Pottboy;" Jack Hicks, "the Clever Lightweight," and "Young Napper," who, on the 20th day of the last month had the pleasure of smashing up an opponent rejoicing in the very unsuitable name of the "Young Dove" for one hundred pounds; all these celebrities of the English prize ring were the objects of much attention and a considerable display of hospitality. Another large batch of fighting men will, it is said, arrive in town on the 1st inst., with the intention of being present at the fight. The accounts of Mace and Coburn represent both as being in "splendid condition," and each eager for the fray and confident of success."

STILL LATER NEWS.

FAILURE TO CHOOSE A REFEREE.

THE FIGHT NOT DECIDED.

COBURN IN THE RING, MACE ABSENT.

News still later and important has come to hand, by which it appears that the great fight did not take place on October 4th, that they did not agree on a referee, that Coburn appeared on the fighting ground ready to do battle, that Mace was absent, and that Mace's representative had returned to London. From Dublin direct he sets as the 4th and 5th inst., we get the information that "The expected battle between Mace and Coburn did not come off. It was, according to Coburn's nomination on Friday, to take place between Gold's Cross Station and Cashel, but the representatives of the men disagreed yesterday about the selection of a referee, and those acting for Mace stated that they would return to England that evening. Coburn's agent declared that his man was anxious for a fight, and would appear at the proper hour at the ring side. Mace's provincial representative arrived in London yesterday morning from Dublin, and corroborates the report that the intended fight is entirely off for the present."

DUNDRUM, NEAR DUBLIN, Oct. 5—2½ P. M.

"Coburn has arrived, and, accompanied by his friends, paced the field intended for the fight amidst tremendous shouts from an immense multitude assembled. He looked exceedingly well and was in first rate spirits. It is expected he will claim the stakes, owing to the non-appearance of Mace. By the latest accounts it is reported that the preparations were completed for the fight between Coburn and Mace in Ireland on the 4th inst., although the authorities were understood to be making efforts to prevent it, when a dispute arose concerning the appointment of a referee, which could not be arranged, and the matter stands over for the final adjudication of the stakeholder on the 7th instant."

A LATER despatch from London, by the Hecla, dated on the 5th of October, says: Mace's representative has arrived in London, and announced that the fight is off for the present. Another report states that the matter stands over for adjudication by the stakeholder, on the 7th of October.

What the upshot of the state of affairs, as narrated above, will be, is a mere matter of speculation, and nothing remains but to patiently await later advices. It is to be hoped, however, that, after all the trouble and expense that has been entered into by both parties, especially by Coburn, it will not be allowed to fall through, but that a fair and honorable battle may take place, to the end that we may know who is the "better man."

THE INTENDED PRIZE FIGHT.

From The Irish Times.

The intended fight for £1,000, between Coburn and Mace, has not come off, and the result has naturally disappointed those who wished to see a fair contest between two pugilists of such reputation and skill. A contest between men of such notoriety excited, as a matter of course, very considerable interest and speculation. All the deposits having been paid in, and the representatives of the intending antagonists having met in Dublin at a tavern—Mr. Woodrooffe's, Island Bridge—Mr. Edwin James, of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, agent to Coburn, won the toss, and named the scene of the fight. Up to this everything had gone smoothly, and those who wished to see the fight come off, had only one cause of complaint, namely, that the crowd of boxers collected at Woodroffe's tavern gave the event a publicity which was likely to afford the police a clue; for it was not believed that the constabulary would allow the contest to take place if they could possibly prevent it. On Monday last the hitch occurred, upon which Mace's party lay the blame of his non-attendance. A referee had to be chosen, and, of course, the usual wrangling was to take place. Mr. James, who attended at the house already mentioned on Monday afternoon, named, upon Coburn's behalf, a Mr. Thomas Boler, the proprietor of a hotel in Limerick, and a man well versed in pugilistic matters. To him, Harry Brunton, the intended second of Mace, objected on the ground that he was unknown and that he was reported to be Coburn's brother-in-law, *a statement which was abundantly disproved yesterday.* He then named Mr. Smith, of *Bell's Life*, the same person who acted as referee in the fight between King and Heenan, and *whose decisions or non-decisions upon that occasion caused so much dissatisfaction.* Mr. James acting up to his instructions, refused this referee. A stormy discussion ensued which ended in Brunton alleging he would bring Mace back to England, and Mr. James asserting with equal firmness that Coburn would appear in the ring at the place and hour named, and inviting Mace and his friends to come down and choose their referee at the side of the ring. This proposition was again rejected and Mr. James was left no other alternative than to proceed to Goold's Cross, the place fixed upon, by the mail train from the King's-bridge terminus. The representatives of the men at the meeting already alluded to were Mr. James and Heenan for Coburn, and Harry Brunton, Alfred Milner, Mr. Westhall, *Sporting Life*, and Mr. Smith, of *Bell's Life*, for Mace.

Coburn was not in sight, for it would have been imprudent to risk arrest, the police, as I understood, being provided with a warrant. But he was not far from view; and as each of his friends in town shoved among the crowd that stood upon the steps by the station, the course which the police might adopt became a subject of curiosity. But the real supporters of the fight were evidently unsuspected; Coburn's two brothers, his uncle, a Mr. Saunders; his trainer, James Cusick, John Mackey, who assisted in the work of preparing him for the occasion; his agent, Mr. James; Messrs. Crocker and Bonfanti, well-known members of a popular troupe of Negro melodists; Mr. James Dillon, and not least, Mr. Thomas Boler, who had been named as referee—were each and all seen from time to time; but their course was never interrupted. The day was warm and clear, but the roads were rendered unpleasant by huge clouds of dust, which the smart breeze had raised. As the afternoon wore on, the necessity of taking immediate steps to place the ring, and to announce the presence of the Irish Champion became at once apparent. Coburn was quietly got out of the house in which he had been staying, and brought down to the place named for the fight—a large but retired field in Ballagh, which is about a mile and a half from the railway station, on the direction opposite to Cashel. So anxious were his backers that he should show, that the arrival of some of his Liverpool friends, who were known to be on their way from Cashel, was not waited for. Between 12 and 2 o'clock was the time fixed for the meeting, and accordingly, at twenty minutes to 2, Coburn—who was waited upon by Cusick—stepped inside the four stakes which had been pitched, asked where was Mace, and in his absence claimed the battle money. He looked the very perfection of health and condition, being so thoroughly altered in appearance that those who saw him here two months ago would scarcely recognise him. To use sporting phraseology, he seemed "as fine as a star," and "fit to fight for a kingdom." Training had evidently increased his muscle while it had lightened his weight. His step was firm and elastic, his whole appearance full of confidence, and his complexion fresh and clear. He was dressed in a large brown overcoat, plaid trousers, and round felt hat. As is usual in training, his moustache and beard had been shaved off, and his hair closely cut. Crossing a few fields which lay between the road and the place of meeting, he fairly astonished every one by an unexpected display of agility in leaping the ditches on his way. One ditch which he crossed with an easy spring was fully sixteen feet in width. It was, in fact, quite evident that all the rumors about neglect of training were utterly false, and that no man ever entered the ring in finer trim than Coburn.

Coburn's object, to judge from his conduct, was evidently to bring the contest to a close, and all arrangements had been made to prevent publicity. Of the vast crowd assembled in and around the rail tay station, not one was admitted into the field where the fight was to take place. About fifty gentlemen and respectable farmers were present when Coburn entered the ring and claimed the forfeit. By these persons he was loudly cheered, and when the necessary forms had been complied with, he left the ground amid loud cheering, apparently full of sports, and leaping the ditches with as much agility as before. After this, accompanied by Cusick and his brothers, he took a car and openly drove along the high road to Dundrum, amid shouts of triumph from an immense concourse of people. He met no interruption from the police, who, doubtless, by this time, were well aware that a fight would not take place. In the evening he returned to Limerick, with his uncle and brothers, while Mr. James, and Cusick, the trainer, proceeded to Dublin. Coburn, it is understood, will follow them to-day. The ground upon which he claims fort it is that *Mace, by the articles of agreement, was to send to meet him between twelve and one o'clock, whether a referee had or had not been appointed, but failed to do so.* He is as anxious to fight as ever, but will not contend out of Ireland, and, as he claims the money already deposited, requires an additional sum of £500 to be advanced.

THE PRIZE FIGHT.

From the Dublin Saunder's News Letter.

CASHEL, Tuesday.

The great international prize fight has come to rather a premature and ignominious end. Monday, at four o'clock, was the day named for the choice of referee in this fight, and the agents of Coburn and Mace—Messrs. James and Brunton—met for the purpose in Woodruffe's tavern. Each named—as was his right—one, and each rejected the nominee of the other—James on the part of Coburn, on the grounds that Brunton's man was a violent partisan of Mace's, and Brunton on the part of Mace, that James' was unknown in the ring and had no experience. Of the validity of the objections I know nothing, nor did I care to become wiser in the matter. Suffice it to say, that after some further objections on both sides, the parties separated in wrath, without an agreement, *Brunton saying that he would not take Mace down to fight among savages*, but that he would return right off to London; and James declaring that *he would have his man in the ring the next morning; that he would expect to see Mace on the ground ready to fight*, when they could settle the question of an umpire, and that if he were not he would claim the £1,000. Certainly, at such a crisis in the history of a fight, one's exalted notions of the manliness of the British P. R. have a tendency to become exceedingly lowered. I with the others left the general party. We then put ourselves under the care of a gentlemanly young American, called Mr. James, the agent of Coburn, who seemed determined to stand by his declaration to fight next morning, and we thought it well to be close by the fighting men. Having started from cover, we reached on our way outward the Kingsbridge Terminus, where we were beset by a host of policemen in plain clothes, who seemed big with importance, and bursting with officious zeal. Coburn had been hunted about all night from house to house. Warrants were ready made for him at every corner, and he no sooner left the barn than one was tossed into the stable to him, and so on back and forward for the night. Shortly after, Coburn with his seconds and trainer, Cusick and Hicks, left cover and proceeded to a place called Ballagh, about a mile from the station, and pitched the ring, into which, in the presence of some hundred people of the district, he cast his hat, afterwards walked in and then claimed the money. This was about one o'clock, and the time specified in the articles was any time between the hours of one and two o'clock. *The act was rather a daring one*, and fully shows, I think, that Coburn was not afraid to fulfill the promise made on the previous day, *to be on the ground and prepared to fight if Mace were also in attendance.* During all the time they were not interfered with by the police. Mr. Westhall, one of the staff of the London *Sporting Life*, was present when Coburn entered the ring. During the day *there were no signs of Mace*, or any other of that fraternity. *Had he been down and at the ring they certainly could have fought, had they been so minded.*

From the London Sporting Life, October 5.

Although after the difficulty over the referee business, the English party left, Mr. James, in the course of Monday night, informed us, to our astonishment, *that Coburn was resolved to fight if there was the remotest chance*, and that Joe would be on the ground between Goole's Cross and Cashel at the stipulated hour, prepared to fight Mace, and in the event of the latter not being there, the battle-money would be claimed for Coburn. It should be mentioned that neither of the representatives of the parties attempted to make any arrangements for a special train. Mr. Woodroffe tried to get one as a "spec" of his own, but the railway company declined to listen to any proposition. Finding no chance of a battle, we returned to London, leaving a special reporter behind to communicate what was done on Coburn's behalf. The stakeholder is determined not to give the money up until a full investigation has been made, and as *Mace complains bitterly of Brunton and the policy pursued by Coburn's advisers*, there is no telling what will be done. The stakeholder informed us in Dublin that he should look into all precedents bearing on the matter, and arrive at a decision strictly in conformity therewith. At present we withhold our own opinions, but it strikes us that as the referee could not be agreed to, one of the conditions of the articles is violated, and that the money will have to be drawn. There is sure, however, to be a wrangling contention for the stakes on both sides. From Mace's letter, it will be seen he claims the £1,000 on the ground that Coburn had no intention of fighting.

Joe Coburn attended at Goole's Cross, and waited until twenty minutes to two p. m. for Jem Mace, when a patched-up ring was formed at Pierstown, Kilmana, parish of Tipperary, and Coburn threw in his cap and claimed the stakes. There were present about 100 police, and great crowds of the Tipperary "boys."

LETTER FROM JEM MACE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING LIFE.

SIR,—I take the earliest opportunity of informing you, on my reaching London this evening, that I am greatly disappointed at not being permitted to fight Coburn. I have, for the sake of my backers, taken every pains in training, and to-day I was never more fit or better in my life, as my trainer, Milner, will certify. I do not consider myself well treated, and Mr. Brunton, who never found a shilling of my money, has taken everything to himself, and asserts that he was solely responsible in getting gentlemen to find me the amount required. Mr. Brunton suddenly left me in Dublin on Monday with not explanation. Coburn had every opportunity if he wished to meet me, and would only, through his representative, choose one referee, a Mr. Bowling, of whom I know nothing, and who is also said to be a brother-in-law of Coburn's. I am most disappointed, and how on earth could it be supposed that I should fight, with a man for referee of whose position I knew nothing, and who was a hundred miles away even when proposed? I wished any representative of the Press to act, and Milner even asked Coburn's friend, Mr. Edwin James, of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, when Mr. Smith was objected to, if he (Mr. James) would stand, but he would not. Now, as to the money business. Every shilling that has been found me has come from sportsmen who put their names down, I trust, owing to my public reputation. Coburn's party placed an insurmountable obstacle against our fighting, and as I have reason to suppose that Coburn was not even training, and evaded his engagement with no intention of fighting, I consider myself entitled to the stakes. Yours, most obediently, JAMES MACE.

London, Tuesday evening.

[This offer was not meant, but was said in a sneering tone, as we are informed by our special, who would answer Mace's card in the next issue of the Life.—ED. CLIP.]

THE RING.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ANOTHER BIG P. R. MATCH

BETWEEN

JIM DUNN AND BILL DWYER.

FOR $2000.

On Tuesday, the 11th inst., a grand rally of the Brooklyn devotees of St. Fisticuff took place, when the platform for a campaign in the P. R. between Jim Dunn, (who accompanied Joe Coburn to England, but recently returned,) and Billy Dwyer, both of Brooklyn, was duly ratified. The meeting was a friendly one in every respect, and the various points that usually elicit so much chin music were agreed upon without high words or hard talk. They are to fight for $1000 a side, on Tuesday, December 13th, 1864, in the State of Pennsylvania, but the precise "where" will not be known until the day of making the final deposit, when it will be tossed for. Three hundred dollars a side have already been deposited, and the remainder of the money is to be staked as below indicated: The 2d deposit at James Gedding's, No. 280 Hudson avenue, Brooklyn, on October 18th; the 3d at P. Keenan's, corner of Columbia and Baltic streets, Brooklyn, on October 25th; the 4th at Patrick Kelly's, corner of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn, on November 1st; the 5th at Phil. Clare's, 401 Columbia street, Brooklyn, on November 8th; the 6th at Frank Collins', corner of Jay and Plymouth streets, Brooklyn, on November 15th; the 7th at Patrick Murphy's, corner of Degraw and Columbia streets, on November 22d; and the 8th and last at Patrick Ward's, No. 1 York street, on November 29th. Each and all of these deposits are to consist of $100 a side, and are to be made at the places and on the dates above named, between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M.; in default of which, the parties failing to "pony up the soap" will forfeit all that may have been previously staked. So as to avoid mistake, and to be correctly posted as to the time and whereabouts of depositing, those interested should clip from this week's CLIPPER this paragraph, when they will know on what dates the red-letter days occur. Both these candidates for pugilistic honors are "likely" young men, and their friends look for a lively mill on December the 13th.

OFF-HAND FIGHT.—Early on the morning of the 11th inst., a fight took place on the Jersey Flats, near the York Bay Cemetery, between Billy Dwyer, of California, and Jim Turner, who was recently matched to fight Jim Kerrigan. The affair was arranged the day previous, for $200 a side, with an outside bet of $400 a side. They got to work soon after reaching the ground, and fought with great rapidity, each getting home several telling blows. Dwyer threw Turner twice; the latter gave his opponent a beautiful back fall once, and went down at the close of three rounds. Six rounds in all were fought, when suddenly, "on the mountain top appearing," the bobbies were descried making towards the ring. Then there was some fast time made, the pugs running for their boats, into which they scrambled without the least delay. A few were unfortunate, and were not able to get away, and the peelers nabbed them, and locked them up for examination.

CON. OREM TACKLES A BEAR.—Con. Orem, in a letter dated Beaver Head Mines, Idaho Territory, gives us an account of a fight which he had with a grizzly bear. He says—"As I was traveling between Lone and Bannack Station, in the Rocky Mountains, I started out one morning to kill some game, and came across a large grizzly bear. He broke for me, and I shot him with my rifle; it knocked him down, but he never waited for time to be called, but made for me again. I drew my revolver, and shot him five times before he got within reach of me. He then threw himself in good position, led off, struck me in the side, and knocked me about thirty feet. I then raised and fired my last shot, and it was a very lucky shot for me too. The ball struck him in the eye, and he fell, when I made for him with my knife, and in a few minutes I had his entrails on the ground; and thus ended my great bear fight."

BETTING ON THE BIG FIGHT.—Great interest has at last been awakened concerning the match between Coburn and Mace, and even among our jolly Jack Tars the subject attracts much attention. The following letter from on "board ship" will explain itself:—

U. S. STEAMER SHAMROCK, Albemarle Sound, North Carolina, Oct. 4th.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—There was a lively time this morning between the Coburn party and the Mace party. The Coburn party is betting, take or give anything

TOM TRUCK'S ADVENTURE.

A Tale of the Sea.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

One morning, in the year 18—, my chum Tom Truck might have been seen standing upon a hill on the island of Oahu with an empty pocket, and his last chew of tobacco in the right side of his sunburnt cheek. His eagle glances roving about in every direction, might have given an observer the impression that he was feasting his soul with the beautiful panorama formed by the blue water, the rolling hills, the deep valleys and the floating mist. Perhaps such *was* the case, for his eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling," certainly seemed to glow with the ardor of a poet's soul. Suddenly however he lifted his right arm, and then instead of the lofty panegyric that one would naturally have expected to follow, these two simple but highly expressive words escaped his lips—

"Blast it!"

He spoke so loud that the hollow caverns of the rocks around him answered back.

"Aye, aye, blast it!" he repeated, taking off his tarpaulin and throwing it at a short apoplectic little bird that was seated upon a neighboring branch looking at him with its red wondering eyes; "blast it! if I can decide whether to try blue water again or to stay ashore here among the Kanaka calabashes and donkeys."

A sudden happy thought seemed to flash across his mind.

"A good idea!" he exclaimed, "I'll toss for it!"

And picking up his tarpaulin, he sent it by a dexterous movement spinning into the air. There was no wind, but the hat tended seaward while descending towards the earth.

"All right!" cried Tom, "the sea it shall be!"

And on the afternoon of the next day as the ship Hibernius was bowling along out of the harbor, he might have been seen aloft, engaged in the unpleasant duty of slushing down the main-top-gallant mast.

This was unnecessary labor, the masts having all been well scraped and slushed while the vessel was lying in port; but Tom had accidentally allowed the ship to swing a quarter of a point off her true course while he was at the wheel, and the captain had resolved to punish him by the "hazing up" (overworking) process.

"Come! come! no soldiering there!" roared the skipper, as Tom paused a moment to refresh himself with a chew of tobacco. "D'ye here there? Bear a hand about that mast!"

"The old lubber!" muttered Tom impatiently, and obeying an impulse that he could not resist, he overturned the bucket of slush with his elbow, thereby spilling its contents upon the bald cranium of the bare-headed captain.

This enraged him so much that he ran about the decks stamping and swearing like a madman, and calling upon his mates and harpooners to arm themselves at once with spades, irons, hatchets, or whatever arms they preferred, so that they might be prepared for Tom Truck, should he offer any resistance to the punishment the captain intended to inflict, which was merely to fasten the young sailor in the mizzen rigging and deal a hundred blows or thereabouts upon his bare back with his cat-o'-nine-tails, an old heir loom that had descended to him from his forefathers.

The alacrity with which the officers obeyed their injured superior was very touching, and perceiving that they were all armed and ready at his back, the captain, in a voice of thunder, ordered Tom to come down.

"No, thank you, I'm comfortable where I am!" answered our hero, with a grin.

"Steward!—my pistols!"

The steward was a tall, slender man, with eyes like a pair of tongs, a face that reminded one of a half-baked roll, and eyes which were of the hue of buckwheat cakes cooked over a slow fire. Before the thunder tones of the captain he bowed low, as a flower upon its stem before a whirlwind, and darted off upon his mission. His pace was accelerated a little by a slight kick from the mate.

Presently, he made his appearance with the pistols. The captain took them, pointed them aloft, and in rather uncivil tones informed Tom that "if he did not come down very soon he should have to bring him down by the run."

Tom had heard enough of the skipper's character to feel convinced that he would keep his word.

"Blast it! which shall I choose—the deck or the shore?"

The shore was about a league astern, and half way between it and the ship he could see a canoe manned by a single Kanaka. The canoe was running down towards the vessel, and if he could only reach it before the ship's boat could overtake him, he had no doubt that he would be enabled to gain the beach in time to escape. As to one or two pistol shots, he believed that when in the water he could easily avoid them.

"Come down—d'ye hear?" yelled the skipper.

"Aye aye—here goes—I'll toss for it!" and with the same dexterous movement previously alluded to, he sent his tarpaulin spinning in the air. It fell clear of the rail and struck the sea.

"All right! I'm after you, old hat!" muttered Tom, and seizing the backstay with both hands he allowed himself to slide down with great velocity until he was within a few feet of the bulwarks, when he suddenly sprang outward into the water. He swam beneath the surface as long as he could, and then raised his head above it to get a mouthful of fresh air. The ship was about fifty fathoms off, with her main yard aback, and he could hear the noise made by the lowering away of one of the boats, mingling with the shouts and curses of the officers. There was no time to lose, and he struck out desperately for the canoe which was now not far off and coming towards him at a great rate, its occupant evidently believing that he had accidentally fallen overboard. When he was within a few yards of the little vessel, he looked behind him, and perceived that the ship's boat was but twenty fathoms distant, although it was very plain that not one of the men at the oars exerted himself as much as he might have done, notwithstanding the presence of the doughty skipper in the stern.

"Stop there! Don't let him in!" roared this worthy, as Tom at length scrambled into the Kanaka's canoe—"he's a runaway!"

Fortunately, however, the islander did not understand English, and snatching the paddles from his hands, our hero began to ply them with a vigor which carried the light vessel rapidly towards the beach.

"Bang!—bang!" from the Captain's pistols, and the poor Kanaka rolled from the canoe into the water—dead. One of the bullets had pierced his brain. A cry of horror broke from the boat's crew, but undismayed by the mischief he had done, the skipper swore at his men, and ordered them to pull ahead.

A little moment afterwards, Tom heard a loud crashing noise, and turning, he perceived that one of the oars had "caught a crab" in the water, and broken. The accident so enraged the skipper that he made a blow at the oarsman's head with a paddle, but in so doing so he lost his balance, and fell into the water. This created much confusion, which was heightened somewhat by a dispute among the members of the crew as to whether they should pick up the "old reprobate" or allow him to sink. The skipper broke up the "council," however, by helping himself into the boat without any assistance; but in the meanwhile, Tom Truck had so improved the occasion that he was now within a few yards of the shore, and when at last his canoe touched the beach the ship's boat was nearly twenty fathoms from it. Leaping lightly ashore, our hero now made his way rapidly in the direction of the mountains behind the town of Honolulu, and finally plunged into a deep thicket, where he seated himself upon the ground, to obtain the rest so necessary after his exertions. He knew that the captain would not search for him long, but he also knew that he would not fail to set the "Kikos" (native policemen) upon his track, who must sooner or later succeed in capturing him, as they were acquainted with every nook and corner of the island. He could only hope that his arrest would not take place until after the Hibernius had sailed, in which case a short confinement in the calaboose would be the result. But as he now knew the captain's character too well to doubt that he would lay "off and on" the island for a few days, in anticipation of his capture, he determined to remain concealed for a week at least.

He was acquainted with a friendly islander, from whom he could obtain bananas and "poi" enough to last him until he should be ready to leave his hiding places among the mountains; and it was in order to seek the hut of this friend that he glided from his covert just as the sound of the nine o'clock bell was borne to his ears from the town.

The moon was up, and as he ran along the narrow mountain paths, he looked keenly about him, in order to assure himself that he was not observed.

Notwithstanding this precaution, he did not perceive the shadows thrown upon the ground by the forms of four "Kikos" crouching behind a rock a short distance ahead of him and a little to the left of a road into which he must soon turn to avoid a ravine. In a few minutes, therefore, the Kanakas were upon him.

"Ah! ha! ho-ee, ho-ee!" exclaimed one of them, seizing him by the collar of his jacket, "we got you, runaway! Ha! ha!"

Tom, however, dealt him a smart blow between the eyes, which caused him to let go his hold, but before he could take to his heels the others rushed forward and threw him to the earth. They were proceeding to fasten his arms, when suddenly the sound of quick footsteps was heard, followed by that of a deep voice.

"Hold there! you d——d blueskins. What are you about?"

And the next moment a pair of strong arms pushed the "kikos," one after the other, from the prostrate man, with a force which turned them all upon their backs. Springing to his feet, Tom then found himself standing, face to face, with a sturdy, thick-set, hard-featured man in citizen's dress. Before he could utter a word of thanks, the four Kanakas, with a howl of rage, and with blazing eyes, rushed towards the two men. Off went the coat of Tom's companion with marvelous rapidity, and, the next moment, he had thrown himself into the most approved of pugilistic attitudes, which displayed, to great advantage, his full, massive chest and his great arm ridged with muscles, which stood out like bands of steel. He laughed very quietly as the "kikos" came on, until they were within a certain distance of him, when he danced lightly forward upon his toes. Then Tom saw the white flash of his arms as they were darted straight out from his body, and, an instant afterwards, he beheld two of the islanders rolling over upon the earth, with their faces covered with blood. Their comrades looked at each other, astonished and bewildered, and, the next moment, with a howl of fear—for these men are generally very cowardly—they all took to their heels. Our hero then turned to thank his companion for his timely interference, but he was surprised to perceive that he had left him.

Reflecting upon his adventure, the young sailor then continued his way, and soon arrived at the hut of his Kanaka friend, where he found a party of sailors with whom he was acquainted, and who belonged to one of the many vessels lying in the harbor.

Upon hearing his story, these men proposed to smuggle him into the hold of their ship—the St. Mary—which would be a much safer hiding-place than the mountains. Tom agreed with them, and accordingly, by midnight, he found himself safely ensconced in the hold of the vessel alluded to.

Three days afterwards, learning that the Hibernius had left the islands, under full sail, he reported himself to the captain of the St. Mary, and his name was registered upon the ship's books as that of one of the crew. On the same day, while carelessly leaning over the bulwarks, he saw a shore-boat cross the vessel's bow. One of the occupants riveted his attention, for he was the same man who had rescued him from the Kanaka policemen.

He pointed him out to Tom Clewline, one of his shipmates.

"Ho! ho!" exclaimed the latter; "so that is the man, is it?"

"Aye, aye," answered Tom, "I am positive upon that point."

"Well," continued Clewline, "you had a good champion, for that man is YANKEE SULLIVAN."

THE COBURN-MACE MATCH.

FROM OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.

TALK WITH JACK MCDONALD—IN DUBLIN—MEETING WITH CUSICK—THE IRISH PEOPLE STRONG FOR COBURN—THE FIGHTING GROUND—THE SECONDS, ETC.

DUBLIN, IRELAND, September 28th, 1864.

FRIEND QUEEN—On the day before leaving London I drove out to see Jack McDonald, at his residence in Archibald street, near Bow Station, and had dinner there. After a little gossip, and I had been shown over the premises, seen his stock of thrushes and nightingales, the model yacht sent over by Tommy Burns, and heard that famous parrot whistle "Pop Goes the Weasel," as perfectly as a church organ, McDonald, at my request, gave me some information about the Heenan and King affair, which differs very much from the statement made by Heenan himself in Liverpool a week previous, and, determined to give all a fair hearing, I will proceed to state what McDonald said.

In the first place he cleared up about the mysterious stopping place where Heenan slept the night before the fight, and had his breakfast the next morning. It was at the house of one of his backers, Ned Elgers, a publican, who keeps opposite the Bricklayer's Arms Railway Station—here he slept and here he ate his last meal before his departure to the fight, and whether it was here that he got tampered with or not, Elger has been often heard to say that *he never lost a shilling on the fight*, which looks queer, to say the least of it, when the betting was so greatly in Heenan's favor.

In the second place, I was informed that John C. Heenan did *not* send out his brother Jim to bet £260 on the fight, and he failed to return the same night to watch and look after his interests at such a critical time. On the contrary, McDonald and Jim Heenan *were both sent away*, and when they returned on the morning of the day of battle to give John Heenan his breakfast, *he had it before they got there*. Up to this time Jim and Tim Heenan had the buying and cooking of all their brother's food, and, to have everything safe, the eatables ordered for John were consumed by his brothers and McDonald, while Jim brought other articles for John's own use; so that if anything went wrong while in training, the trainers would have been dosed, and not Heenan.

About claiming the fight when King was out of time for two minutes or more, McDonald asserts that he did claim it, but that the roughs kept dancing up and down in front of the referee, while those behind him pulled him partly down, and otherwise jostled him about, so that he couldn't see what was going on, or get near to give his decision, had he felt inclined to award justice to Heenan. Seeing this state of affairs, and believing King's chances all gone, McDonald allowed Heenan to go up again, thinking that one good hit would settle King, but instead of Heenan's blow landing, it slipped over King's shoulder, which brought on a close, and enabled King to recover his senses properly, after which Heenan weakened, King picked up, and hence the way the fight ended. This, I think, will be about all the information or satisfaction to be got at in relation to what has all along been so great a mystery.

On the way from Bow Station to the city, I saw the spot where "Muller, the murderer," is supposed to have thrown his victim—right opposite the Milford Arms, and near a canal. Bow is only two-and-a-half minutes' ride by rail from Hackney, and as Mr. Briggs was seen and spoken to by a friend at Bow, and he was thrown out before he got to Hackney, his murderer must have made quick work of it. Arriving at Camden Station, close by where Heenan and his wife are living, and not five minutes' walk from the residence of Tom Sayers, I made the best of my way to Ward's, in Albany street, to take tea and renew my acquaintance with Eleanor, the good wife, and all my old friends. I spent a very agreeable evening there, and was pleased to learn that Miss Ward's pupils comprise the elite of London society, and that the press are getting over the notion that none but Italian, and the so-called, are deserving of notice in preference to those born and educated amongst them.

On Monday morning, the 26th, I started for Dublin, at 7:30 A. M., and didn't get there till 3 A. M. the next morning, owing to an accident by a collision near Rugby, where the locomotive and tender were thrown off the track, and two men killed. Nat Langham and Job Cobley were on the same train, and Jem Mace joined the party when we got to Chester, but not wishing to break his rest, he stopped all night at Holyhead. Riding by rail in England is almost as bad as riding on a rail out West, unless you take first class cars. The scenery on this route is very picturesque, particularly when travelling through the Welsh mountains, but, unfortunately, it was too dark to see, and I missed the treat I had been looking forward to with so much pleasure. From Holyhead we took the boat for Kingstown, Ireland, a distance of sixty-four miles across that roughest of all seas, the Irish sea, and although one half the *voyageurs* were casting up accounts all the way over, I felt no effects of sea sickness. It took three hours and a half to get across, and from Kingstown we were conveyed by rail to Dublin, and got here at three o'clock in the morning, completely knocked up, as the folks say here when they're tired, and glad to turn in at the first place where a bed could be had.

In the morning, Cusick, who had been awaiting me, came round to the hotel, and hiring one of the famous Irish jaunting cars, we were driven through Phenix Park by one of the "real ould barks," in frieze great coat, corduroy breeches, brogues, and an heirloom of a hat, with a pipe stuck in the rim of it, to the Cambridge Inn, Island Bridge, kept by Mr. Woodruff, where we have to notify Mace, on Friday, of the place of fighting, and also to meet on the day before the fight to agree on a referee. The Cambridge is a country inn, near the Barracks, kept by an Englishman, but he has Coburn's colors over the bar. A week or so ago he had Mace's there, but the "barks" *wouldn't stand it*, and hence the change. *They are all Coburn men here.*

Our arrival in Dublin had been pretty well noised about by the time we got back to the city, and our headquarters, in Marlborough street, were beseiged by those curious to see Cusick, who is very popular both in the north and south of Ireland, and can command any quantity of friends, who think no more of a row on the head than of drinking a potheen of whiskey.

As the day of fighting draws near the Irish people are becoming very enthusiastic, and the great fight is the all important topic of conversation. Strange as it may appear, *here the people feel very sanguine of the affair being successfully gotten off*, whereas in England the opinion is quite the contrary, and the papers there are crying loudly for the authorities to interfere and put a stop to it. From what I've seen of the police and the "peelers"—a separate organization from the regular police, who carry side arms and rifles, and in the rural districts are mounted on horseback—they appear numerous enough and big enough to stop any kind of a row, and should they make up their minds to be near, we shall have a rough time in getting the fight off at all.

A meeting was to have been held to-day at *Bell's Life* office, to try and make some arrangements concerning the ropes and stakes, and ring-keepers. Mr. Dowling informed me that he couldn't think of paying their expenses out of the funds of the P. B. A., as it would cost £5 or £6 a man. For our part, *we don't want any ring-keepers at all*, and don't intend to pay any expenses, except for the ropes and stakes, and a couple of men to bring them on. If Mace's party see fit to pay for a dozen or more, well and good, but they will be of no benefit to Coburn. *We have engaged half a dozen of the right sort, who fear neither man nor devil, natives of the soil, able to look after our side and see fair play.* Let the other side do the same if they wish.

Captain Saunders has arrived, and is stopping with his nephew, lending his advice and assistance. He and Mackey are looking after Coburn. Cusick, having business matters to attend to for Joe will not leave Dublin till to-morrow morning, when we both take the early train for Limerick, 130 miles from here, from which place we have to take a jaunting car to Bellingoola, about ten miles distant from Limerick, where Coburn is still going through his training exercises. A short time since he was at Kilkee, County Clare, near the sea side, but it didn't suit him as well as Bellingoola, and so he returned. He is stopping at the house of a relative there. By training in the south of Ireland, with Cusick's aid, he has been enabled to make a host of friends, and being born in the north of Ireland, he is certain of their support.

After I have seen Coburn it is necessary for me to return to Dublin so as to notify Mace of the place—we having won the toss—we have selected for the fight to come off, which will be done at the Cambridge Inn, on Friday, the 30th. We have selected Gould's Cross as the spot. *It is ninety-five miles from here*, near the town of Cashel, in the County Tipperary. As yet no arrangements have been made in the way of steamboats or railways, but I doubt whether there will be any special accommodation, and this the money making part of it will amount to nothing. *We shall be there*, and those desirous of witnessing the fight will have to get there the best way they can. How this will suit Mace's friends we can't tell, as heretofore the principals in prize fights have been in the habit of raking in a few pounds by chartering a steamboat, or a special train.

It is thought that Jerry Noon and Harry Brunton will second Mace. Jim Cusick, and, perhaps, Jack Hicks, will do the same for Coburn. Branton, Noon, Hicks, Napper, Langham, Cobley, and a number of other bruisers, are knocking about Dublin, and on Saturday and Monday evenings we are to have two grand sparring exhibitions at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Fishamble street, for the joint benefit of Nat Langham, Jack Hicks, Joe Cobley, and Ned Napper. They expect to realize a snug sum between them. Jerry Noon and the Mace division talk about getting up one also, so that Dublin will have a rare treat in the way of boxing.

Jim and Mike Coburn are daily expected here.

Annexed will be found an editorial from the *Freeman's Journal* of September 28, in relation to the approaching fight, with which I close this letter. By the next mail I shall be able to supply considerable more information in regard to this great pugilistic event of 1864.

E. J.

"The pugilistic tourney between Mace and Coburn, the rival champions of the ring, is exciting a good deal of interest in what is termed 'sporting circles' in this city. As the day named for the fight, Oct. 4th, approaches, it is likely the interest will increase, for the movements of the men and their friends indicate that the match is a genuine affair, and that the contest is intended to come off if the police can be baffled. The stakes, amounting to £1,000, have been made good in London, and the money is now in the hands of the recognized banker of the fighting *corps*. Coburn is at his training quarters in the county of Limerick, making himself 'fit' for the job he has in hand, under the care of James Cusick, a pugilistic 'mentor' of much experience. Mace, who has all but completed his work in England, is expected to arrive here to-morrow *en route* to the country where he will remain quiet till the morning of the fight. Nat Langham, a retired pugilist, who has the distinguished honor of being 'the only man who ever beat Tom Sayers,' has been in Dublin for some days past in the interest of Coburn, arranging several matters in connection with the affair. He has 'put up' at Mr. Woodroffe's Tavern, Island Bridge, which is regarded as the 'head quarters' of Coburn's friends. The American champion's 'colors' are consequently displayed in the bar, and any dropping 'mems' in reference to the fight are to be gleaned there. Last evening Harry Brunton, one of the representatives of the Mace party, arrived in town from London, and betook himself for a while to Woodroffe's, but finding that he was to some extent in the wrong box, he finally selected other quarters. Brunton is to be one of Mace's seconds in the ring, having obtained great repute when acting in that capacity for Sayers in several of the battles by which that ornament to the British Prize Ring fought his way up to fame and competence. No information is yet to be obtained as to the actual place of fighting, and it is possible that the 'advisers' of the men will keep the 'trysting spot' dark till the last moment, in order to throw the authorities off the scent. As the men are not confined to weight they have not to go to scale anywhere, and it is likely they will not meet till about to enter the ring. Coburn's friends, as was stated in *Bell's Life* of Saturday last, won the 'toss,' which enables them to name the exact spot for the contest. On Friday next there will be a meeting to select the official known as the 'referee,' and if a party is agreed on, the patrons of the ring believe that they will be able to bring off comfortably the display of pugilism in which they are so deeply interested."

BALL PLAY.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ECKFORD vs. MUTUAL.

The Mutual Club played their last first-nine match for 1864, on Oct. 10th, on which occasion they visited the Union Ball Grounds, Brooklyn, and there played their return game with the Eckford Club, the result of which was a well-earned victory for the Mutuals by a score of 23 to 19, in a game of eight innings, and over three hours' duration. The Eckfords had out the best nine they have presented this season, and, considering their lack of practice, they played well, but the want of this important element of success, unquestionably lost their game. The contest opened favorably for the Mutuals, and they maintained the lead some time, but the Eckfords fought a good up-hill game, and, after tying the score in the 4th innings, led their opponents in the 5th by a score of 13 to 10. By errors in the field, however, in which high throwing was conspicuous, they threw away the advantage they had previously obtained, and allowed their adversaries to win the trophy from them. The weather was very unpropitious for play, a cold wind chilling the players and spectators alike. There was a very large crowd present, however, considerable interest being taken in the match. A hundred dollars was distributed in four or five prizes to the Mutuals, by a member of their club. The following is the full score of the game:

BATTING.

MUTUAL.	H.L.	R.	ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.
Goldie, 1st b	2	4	Wood, 2d b	3	3
Wanzley, c	2	3	Manolt, 1 f	2	3
Harris, p	5	1	Fisler, s s	2	2
Brown, 2d b	2	4	Reach, 1st b	4	0
Patterson, c f	3	2	Beach, c	3	2
Devyr, s s	3	2	C. Mills, p	3	2
Zeller, 1 f	3	2	Swandell, c f	3	2
Kelly, r f	2	2	A. Mills, 3d b	1	3
McMahon, 3d b	2	3	John Snyder, r f	3	2
Total	28		Total	19	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	
Mutual	3	4	0	1	2	6	2	5	—23
Eckford	1	2	2	3	5	0	0	6	—19

Passed balls—Beach, 14; Wanzley, 7.
Double plays—By Wood and Reach, by Goldie and Brown.
Struck out—McMahon, 1.
Fly catches made—Brown, 2; Zeller, 2; Wanzley, 1; McMahon, 1—total, 6. A. Mills, 3; Wood, 1; Manolt, 1; C. Mills, 1; Swandell, 1; Snyder, 1—total, 8.
Catches missed—Snyder, 3; Beach, 2; Manolt, 1; Reach, 1; Brown, 1; Zeller, 1; McMahon, 1; Kelly, 1.
Put out on bases—Mutual, 8 times; Eckford, 11 times.
Left on bases—Wood, 1; Manolt, 1; Fisler, 1; Reach, 2; A. Mills, 1; Wanzley, 1; Kelly, 1.
Put out on foul balls—Mutual, 6 times; Eckford, 7 times.
Run out—Devyr by Reach, Zeller by Wood.
Time of game—3 hours and 5 minutes.
Umpire—Mr. Kelly, of the Star Club.
Scorers—Messrs. McConnell and Watson.

EXCELSIOR vs. EAGLE.

A rather interesting single fly-game was played between these clubs, at Brooklyn, Oct. 11th, ending in victory for the Excelsiors by a score of 32 to 22 in a full game of over two hours' duration. As in the Union match, the Excelsiors were far behind their adversaries in the early part of the game, but they afterwards pulled up handsomely, and came in winning with flying colors. This makes the seventh victory out of nine games they have thus far played this season. The weather was cold, and a high wind prevailed during the game, making ball-play anything but pleasant. The Eagles were hospitably entertained at the close of the game. The decisions of the umpire were excellent throughout. We append the full score:

BATTING.

EXCELSIOR.	H.L.	R.	EAGLE.	H.L.	R.
H. Brainard, c	2	5	Slote, 2d b	3	2
Moore, 1 f	3	5	Gough, 3d b	5	0
Clyne, 1st b	4	3	Schaffer, s s	2	4
Dakin, c f	3	2	Willis, 1 f	1	4
Fletcher, 3d b	3	4	Collins, c	3	3
Bergen, r f	3	3	Clarke, 1st b	4	2
A. Brainard, p	4	1	Demarest, c f	2	3
Patchen, s s	3	4	Chapin, r	3	2
Flanly, 2d b	2	5	Salisbury, p	4	2
Total	32		Total	22	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Excelsior	0	0	0	7	1	4	7	6	—32	
Eagle	5	1	2	1	1	4	2	6	0	—22

Passed balls—H. Brainard, 4; Collins, 5.
Home runs—Moore, 1.
Struck out—Bergen, 1.
Fly catches made—Clyne, 2; H. Brainard, 1; Dakin, 1; Fletcher, 1; A. Brainard, 1; Flanly, 1—total, 7. Schaffer, 3; Gough, 2; Willis, 2; Slote, 2; Salisbury, 2; Collins, 1; Clarke, 1; Demarest, 1; Chapin, 1—total, 15.
Catches missed—Gough, 2; Schaffer, 2; Collins, 2; Salisbury, 2; Demarest, 1; Dakin, 1; Fletcher, 1.
Put out on bases—Eagle, 14 times; Excelsior, 7 times.
Left on bases—H. Brainard, 1; Clyne, 1; Dakin, 3; Bergen, 1; A. Brainard, 3; Patchen, 1; Flanly, 1; Slote, 1; Gough, 1; Willis, 1; Demarest, 1.
Put out on foul balls—Eagle, 10 times; Excelsior, 5 times.
Double plays—By Schaffer, Slote, and Clarke, and by Patchen, Flanly, and Clyne.
Time of game—2 hours and 20 minutes.
Umpire—Mr. Chapman, of the Atlantic Club.
Scorers—Messrs. Holt and Doremus.

EXCELSIOR VS. UNION.

The return game between these clubs, played at Morrisania, Oct. 8th, resulted in a victory for the Excelsiors by a score of 33 to 26, in a game of seven innings. The following is the batting score:—

BATTING.

EXCELSIOR.	H.L.	R.	UNION.	H.L.	R.
H. Brainard, c	3	4	Hudson, r f	1	5
Moore, c f	1	5	Abrams, 2d b	2	2
Clyne, 1st b	4	3	Marsh, 1st b	3	2
Dakin, 1 f	1	5	Hannigan, 3d b	2	3
Fletcher, 3d b	1	3	Ketchum, c f	3	3
Langley, r f	4	3	Collins, p	3	1
A. Brainard, p	2	3	Birdsall, c	3	5
Patchen, s s	3	3	Bogle, s s	2	2
Flanly, 2d b	2	4	Burell, 1 f	2	3
Total	33		Total	26	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	
Excelsior	4	0	9	13	2	0	5	—33
Union	6	8	1	4	1	0	6	—26

Umpire—Mr. Stevens, of the Harlem Club.
Scorers—Messrs. Holt and Herring.
Time of game—Two hours and 25 minutes.
Fly catches made—Excelsior, 9; Union, 7.

CLINTON vs. MCCLELLAN.

These Brooklyn Juniors played their return game on Wednesday, the 12th inst. Six innings only were played, owing to the rain. The result was a well-earned victory for the Clintons by a score of 13 to 9. Appended is the score:—

BATTING.

CLINTON.	H.L.	R.	MCCLELLAN.	H.L.	R.
Butler, 3d b	3	1	Secor, 1st b	1	3
Lynch, l f	2	2	Jas. Kenny, c	2	1
Fitzgerald, 2d b	3	1	Cook, 3d b	2	1
Ortell, s s	2	2	McGuire, c f	3	0
Devine, c f	2	1	Burke, p	3	0
Powell, r f	2	2	Jno. Kenny, 2d b	1	2
Sullivan, p	0	2	Regan, r f	2	0
Curran, c	3	1	Parker, s s	2	1
McKeon, 1st b	1	1	McCaffrey, l f	2	1
Total	18		Total	9	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	
Clinton	2	2	8	3	0	3	—13
McClellan	1	3	0	1	3	1	— 9

Umpire—Mr. Bassini, of the Excelsior Club.
Scorers—Messrs Hickey and ——

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

THEO. M. BROWN, St. Louis.—We persist in averring that the "farewell" should have been a suicide, with a Bishop to give the *coup de grace*. Guess you can get that book of the Appletons.

CHAS. A. GILLMORE.—Your pleasant epistles are always welcome; thanks for good intentions so kindly expressed. Too late—the 3 move had just left our hands. *Alexandre* is to be had only by accident. Right! jog his memory on our behalf, and we'll comply.

J. W., N. Y.—The "Handbuch" has never been translated—at least not into English. That it should be, is the greatest chess want of the present day.

SAL. RYAN, 13th Ind. Vet. Vols.—Very glad to hear from you; hope you'll recover perfectly. The "Dime Chess Instructor" is all we can send you now—14cts., 4 for P. O. The Appletons will send you "Agnel" for, we believe, $1 50.

A. GOTTSAMTZE, Providence, R. I.—A P cannot take a piece *en passant* at all. PxP *en passant*, when, on its 6th rank, a hostile P attempts to go two squares on its first move, thus giving over the *prise* or capturing sq. of the one in question, which may take by advancing one sq. forward, diagonally, just as though the hostile P had advanced but one step, or stopped on that *prise* sq. This is elaborately explained and illustrated in "Dime Chess Instructor," pp. 15 16.

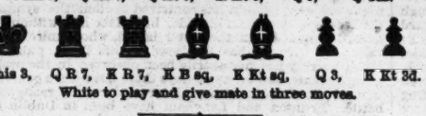
W. R. HENRY.—"We got ideas"—leastwise we think we shall get 'em, when we've pondered awhile longer; got a smattering of a misty notion of what the Cincinnati Chess Eds. used to mean by the silly distinction of problem, position, diagram and enigma. "How's that, 3 per ct.?" Do you consider those European problems unpublished, or merely sent us for their autographs?

Enigma No. 451.

The opening stratagem of the *N. O. Sunday Delta*.

BY JOHN TANNER.

at his 4, Q Kt 7, Q Kt 3, K Kt 3, Q 5, Q 4th.



at his 3, Q R 7, K R 7, K B sq, K Kt sq, Q 3, K Kt 3d.

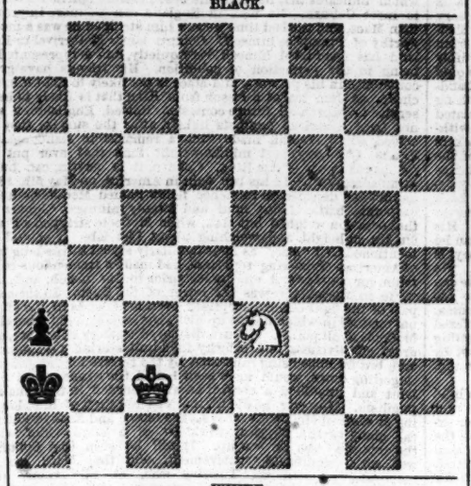
White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 451.

A Capital Study for Young Students.

BY E. H. C.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Game No. 451.

Played at Rome, between Gen. M—— and Signor Dubois. (*)

GRECO COUNTER-GAMBIT.

Attack, Gen. M——.	Defence, Sig. D——.	Attack, Gen. M——.	Defence, Sig. D——.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	15. Q to her 2	Q to her 3
2. K Kt-B 3	P-K B 4	16. P-K Kt 3	Castles (*d*)
3. K B-B 4 (*a*)	B P × P	17. P-K R 3	P-K 6 (*e*)
4. K Kt × P	P-Q 4 (*b*)	18. K R × P	Kt × K R
5. Q-B 5 +	P-K Kt 3	19. Q × K Kt	Q B × R P
6. Kt × K t P	R P × K t (*c*)	20. Q Kt-B 3	P-Q B 3
7. Q × K R	K Kt-B 3	21. Q Kt-K 2	Q R-R sq
8. K B-Kt 3	Q B-B 4	22. Q Kt-B 4	Q B-B 4
9. Castles	Q Kt-Q 2	23. Q R-K sq	K B-Kt 4
10. K R-K sq	Q Kt-K 4	24. P-Q B 4	Q B-K 5 (*f*)
11. P-Q 4	Q Kt-B 3	25. P-K B 3	Q R-R 6 (*g*)
12. Q-K R 4	K B-K 2	26. K-his Kt 2	K B × Kt
13. Q B-Kt 5	Q Kt × B	27. Q × K B	Q × Q
14. Q × Q Kt	K Kt-his 5	28. Kt P × Q	R × B P, and

Signor Dubois wins.

(*a*) Of the two good moves at this point, the Attack selects the one slightly inferior; K Kt × P, at once, is the surest method.

(*b*) This move is found in the *Handbuch*, though but in a single variation, which is completed thus:

5. Q to R 5 +	P to K Kt 3	8. K Kt × B (1)	Q × K Kt
6. Kt × Kt P	K Kt-B 3	9. Q × Q +	K × Q
7. Q-K 5 +	K B-K 2	10. K B-K 2	K R-Kt sq,

and the Attack has the better game. [*A dictum* balanced on some pretty delicate points]

(1) Better than taking the R, as then he would lose in return both Bishop and Knight.

The principal variations in this form of the opening give 4.. Q to K Kt 4th.

(*c*) A bold originality (see var.) which leads to a most animated and entertaining struggle.

(*d*) *Alla Calabrista*, hence marked as "French Game."

(*e*) A move equally beautiful and unexpected. Both combatants fight hard and well, but the finished conceptions and elegant execution of the master are more and more evidently with Signor D——.

(*f*) Doubtless the 17th move looked forward, in part, to this position of the doughty churchman, now so powerful.

(*g*) Excellent again and directly conducive to a worthy termination of so fine a *partie*.

(*) Written out by Signor Centurini, and furnished us by the kindness of our correspondent, W. R. Henry, just returned from Europe. This and a companion *partie* are both believed to be hitherto unpublished.

Signor Dubois contends against S. A. R., the Duke of Brunswick, Count Cassabianca, and M. Jean Preti.

BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

Sig. Dubois.	The Allies.	Sig. Dubois.	The Allies.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	13. Q B to Q 2	P to Q Kt 5
2. P-K B 4	K P × P	14. P-Q 6	Q B-R 3 +
3. K B-B 4	Q-R 5 +	15. K-Kt sq	Q Kt-B 3
4. K-his B sq	P-K Kt 4	16. Q Kt-B 6 +	K Kt × Kt
5. Q Kt-B 3	K B-Kt 2	17. K P × Kt +	K-Q sq
6. P-Q 4	P-Q B 3	18. K Kt-K 5	P-Q B 5
7. K Kt-B 3	Q-K R 4	19. K Kt × Kt +	Q P × Kt
8. P-K 5	P-Q Kt 4	20. Q-K 5	B P × B (*i*)
9. K B-Kt 3	P-K R 3	21. Q × R P +	K-home
10. Q Kt-K 4	K B-home	22. Q R-K sq +	Q B-K 7
11. P-Q 5	P-Q B 4	23. Q-B 7	Q R-Q sq, and
12. Q-K sq (*h*)	P-Q R 4	Attack mates in three moves.	

(*h*) Well played; indeed, so important are its effects that it may be styled the winning move.

(*i*) Bad, true; but nothing will retrieve their game.

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNERS' SURE GUIDE. By the Draught Editor of the CLIPPER

CHURCH YARD LITERATURE.—CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

IN BIDFORD CHURCH YARD, KENT.

The wedding day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided,
But ere the day did come, alas!
He sickened and he die did.

HIBERNIAN.

Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea and never found.

Oh! cruel death! how could you be so unkind,
To take him before and leave me behind;
You should have taken both of us, if either,
Which would have been more pleasing to the survivor.

Here lies father and mother and sister and I,
They all died within the short space of one year;
They all be buried at Wimble but I.
And I be buried here.

AT AUGUSTA, ME.

After life's *scarlet fever*,
I sleep well.

ON AN AUCTIONEER'S TOMB IN GREENWOOD.

Going! Going!! Gone!!!

FROM A GRAVE STONE IN ESSEX, ENG.

Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife,
Whose surname was Pritchard,
They lived without strife.
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches,
They had no care nor pain,
And his wife wore the breeches.

AT ORANGE, N. J.

Here lies the body of Jno. Jones, who was accidentally killed by the discharge of a Colt's pistol. The pistol was of the large size, brass-mounted—and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

A SLOW LINE.—The other day, as the Peninsular fast train was coming up the road behind time and at extra speed, an old gray-headed contraband with a big bundle on his head, overtook the locomotive, and the conductor being well acquainted with the sable pedestrian, hailed him:
"Halloa, Uncle Rabe, going to Wilmington?"
"Yes, sar, dat I is."
"Well, jump on and ride, Rabe."
"No, thank'ee, Massa, I's in a hurry, I is."

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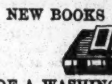

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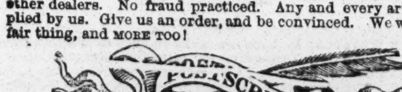

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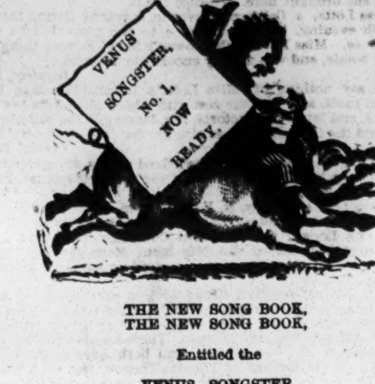

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FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Oct. 17, '64.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN," and to thousands whom it does not concern, but who will get the CLIPPER this week to see what we have to say about the Coburn and Mace affair—greeting. Another exciting week has closed, and we are now ripe for anything and everything. We have been surfeited with election returns, by which we learn that the Keystone State has made so close a thing of it as to please *all* parties; Ohio has given the Union ticket thousands of majority, yet the opposition gains are pleasing to the other side; Indiana cast her vote for the Union candidate, yet on the strength of this, the adverse faction make sure that McClellan will upset this *ipse dixit* in November. Belmont, a "rich Jew," congratulates *his* party on the result of the recent election; and Raymond, who has obtained some notoriety as a "little villain," talks sweetly to *his* crowd concerning the "recent successes." Then, in the fear that both parties *may* succeed in November, gold is on the rise again, and whiskey is going down. Another source of agitation to the already over-wrought public mind is the railway trouble; the capitalists who run these street machines want to tack on an extra cent to the regular fare, but the loyal and law-abiding people of the great metropolis rebel—not, mind you, for the cent, but for the principle of the thing; thousands of the bone and sinew of the country who "know their rights, and knowing," would maintain them if they had the money—which is requisite to maintain one's rights in these days—get put out of cars for talking back at "gentlemanly conductor" and indefatigable policemen who are detailed to aid in ousting the poor but honest refractory passengers. But virtue will be rewarded in the end, and *vice versa*. Then followed railroad accidents, (as if to punish passengers for *daring* to question the motives of railroad companies) by which a score or so have been sent to an untimely grave, and others conveyed, bruised and mangled, to untimely hospitals. The week ended lively, and wound up with some telegraphic items about the Coburn and Mace affair in Ireland; this for the time occupied the public mind exclusively, and created greater interest even than the downfall of whiskey. Nothing was talked of but the "great event;" stocks felt its influence, and gold went up on the strength of a report that the *entente cordial* between England and Ireland and America had been severed by this pugilistic match; our Presidential candidates were lost sight of, and some enthusiastic sons of Erin wanted to know which ticket Coburn was running on. It was a well-timed finish to a sensational week. Thus much for the outside world......Notwithstanding all these outside sensations, our in-door amusements were not forgotten. The gentlemen who fought for the cent in the railroad cars helped to crowd the theatres; gold gamblers were also there; politicians forgot the "good news" of the day while enjoying the mimic strife where actors most do congregate; pugilists, even, condescended to sit side by side with petrolians, shoddies and codfishers, and were not above giving their ideas of the causes of the alleged failure of the campaign in Ireland. Some of the theatres and halls of minstrelsy, and other public resorts have been again crowded with the beauty, and fashion, and rascality of the metropolis. One of the up-town houses has even deigned to give us a newly-constructed drama, just imported, but it failed to satisfy the *habitues* of the place, for they well know that the real "bandit drama" can be seen to much better advantage in the Bowery. So jammed have been some of the theatres that ushers have been imposed upon by gentlemen who promised them fees for giving them "good seats." One "young feller," who loved money not wisely but too well, had given a party some seats *marked* taken, in consideration of a bill placed in his hand by one of the gentlemen. On examining the filthy lucre, the incensed usher was disgusted at discovering that his fee for an obliging action was a dirty five-cent currency bill. As Artemus Ward would say, "he growed angry," and would have turned the mean cusses out of the seats, but for fear of unpleasant developements. That puts us in mind of something similar which recently occurred in a fashionable church in London. A gentleman entered one of those places where the female pew opener *expects* gratuities. The gent. seems to have "been there" before. Twiddling a half crown between finger and thumb, he was politely shown into a pew, and then dexterously conveyed a half penny into the expectant palm of his conductor, who clutched the coin and smirkingly withdrew. Presently the woman brought him a hymn book, and still smirking, whispered, "You made a mistake, sir; it was only a ha'penny you gave me." "No," said the gentleman, with a benevolent smile, "it's all right; I never give less." Exit pew opener, not smirking this time.

"STANDING ROOM ONLY" is the suggestive title to a bill which meets the eye at the portals of the Broadway Theatre almost every evening. It conveys the unwelcome intelligence to late comers that all the seats inside are occupied, so great is the desire to see John Owens in his great bit of character acting—Solon Shingle. When Mr. George Wood came from the west, and opened the Broadway Theatre, *some* smart people thought the place would make a snug sinking fund for him; but George had some money and a bit of grit in his composition, was energetical, and didn't mind the croakers; he "went in," and the people have been going in with him ever since; he not only fills his own theatre, but some of the other establishments profit by his overflow, a portion of their audiences being "drawn from the Wood." John Owens has come with a rush; his Solon Shingle will gain him an *entree* into almost any theatre after this, and managers who before refused him a chance to appear, will now probably offer him large terms to secure his services. The bill remains without change at the Broadway, the "Victims" and "People's Lawyer" being good for a still longer run.

THE OPERA is *growing* gradually in favor; but it cannot be denied that the opening was anything but encouraging. Max Maretzek, with his usual flourish, announced several new and prime people, but whether from chills and fever, or from stage fright, they all seem to have had an attack of the shakes at the commencement of their metropolitan career, and made a somewhat poor display. They are doing a trifle better now, but the Italian opera is still, in the opinion of many, inferior to the German troupe which preceded them. Let us give the new people a dose or two of quinine.

EDWIN FORREST will bring his splendid engagement to a close at Niblo's on the 21st. A succession of crowded houses has greeted him from the opening night until the present, on some occasions even standing room being at a premium; and this, the closing week of his masterly delineations will witness an extraordinary turnout of the many admirers of this great American tragedian. Last week, he gave us "Jack Cade" and "Metamora," and to-night and Tuesday we are to have his great speciality of "The Gladiator." On the 19th, Mr. Wm. Wheatley is to give us his impressions of Claude Melnotte, to the Pauline of Miss Methua Scheller, in Bulwer's play of the "Lady of Lyons," being their first appearance in those characters, at Niblo's......On Friday evening, 21st, Mr. Forest's benefit and last appearance will take place, when "Coriolanus" will be performed. Those who wish to be present, would do well to secure places in advance, for there will be a monster gathering on that occasion ......Margaret Mitchell succeeds Mr. Forrest, opening on the 24th as Fanchon in "The Cricket."

FRANK LESLIE, stage director for Campbell's Mintrels, is up for a benefit on the 21st inst., when, added to the regular troupe, some very talented volunteers will appear, among them Hernandez, the pantomimist; Frank B. Converse, banjoist; Dave Reed, Sally-Come-Up-ist; Little Dick Hill, jiggist; Mert Sexton, Essence of Old Virginnyist, etc.

OLD PECKSLIP, or Pecksniff, rather, and his numerous friends of the Chuzzlewit family, including the Todgerses, continue to meet the public at the Olympic. "People which has read the book" seem to enjoy the play more than "them which hasn't," as Sairy Gamp would say; while "them which hasn't" don't understand what brings all the Chuzzlewits together, promiscuously, at different times, as Father Tovee expresses it when speaking of mixed and unforeseen assemblages. Mrs. Wood's Master Bailey improves with each representation, and in the latter part of the play, her Tiger is slap-up in make-up and action, "which it is" not saying more than Master Bailey deserves. The play will be repeated all the week.

WOOD'S MINSTRELS give their patrons variety in abundance, and *always* have *something* new on their programmes. Whatever talent in the minstrel line can be had, Manager Wood is always ready to negotiate for it. If he promises us anything new, we are satisfied it will not be an old thing with a new name, which is too frequently done by minstrel companies. At present, he has probably the best band in this city, and yet this does not say that it is the best in the country, for it is a little surprising that there are three or four troupes outside of this city superior to those in it, and strangers visiting New York have expressed surprise that this should be so. We can assure them that if money could procure the talent, Wood's Minstrels would not only be the best troupe in New York, but the best in existence. At present, he has at least one of the best Ethiopian comedians upon the boards in the person of Frank Brower. This gentleman, although on the black boards, is a real artist, and occasionally gives us a bit of character acting almost equal to Owens' Solon Shingle. Mr. Wood also introduced to our notice a season or two ago, two other admirable comedians, Billy Birch and Ben Cotton, but the glittering shores of California were too much for them, and they are now on the Pacific slope, engaged at very large salaries, payable in gold, and will probably remain there until Peace once more resumes its sway. But we are forgetting the business of the day, so we'll switch off, and resume our say. Charley Fox, who, when in his proper form, is a very clever comedian, has been engaged again by Manager Wood, and will once more take his place upon the end this evening, Oct. 17th, and with S. S. Purdy as his *vis-a-vis*, will contribute to make the opening part of the entertainment still more enjoyable than it has been. Prof. Siegrist and son, with their performing dogs, have also been secured, and will appear in some of their wonderful feats. Surely, the entertainments now offered by this troupe cannot fail to crowd the prettiest minstrel hall in the country.

OUR JIM frightened us the other day by rushing into our sanctum, and crying out that, without the least assistance he had just carried home a herring, safe. Fearing that the backbone of the rebellious cuss might have been broken, we expressed our sympathy, when he coolly informed us that his load consisted of a herring fish. For his impudence we punished him severely, whilst our own loss was not half so great. This little episode calls to mind another Herring, Miss Fanny, now the star at the Old Bowery, where she has been received with enthusiastic favor in a new version of "Leah, the Forsaken," called at the Old Bowery, "Lysiah, the Abandoned." Produced with new scenery, costumes, etc., it has proved a great success, and will be continued until further notice. Attractive pantomimes are given in connection with the new play, and in which, in addition to a Herring in the first piece, the Foxes appear in the latter.

CIRCUS PEOPLE are flocking into the city, after the close of a pretty profitable summer campaign through the country, and this enables Manager Nixon to give us some very interesting gymnastic, acrobatic, equestrian, and other performances at the Hippotheatron, in Fourteenth street, opposite the other Academy. The company engaged at the Hippo. is already a very capable *corps*, and additions are being made weekly. It is a question which has the most effective company, Maretzek or Nixon. Certain it is, that many who attend the former's entertainments would be better satisfied at the Horse Opera, for there they *can* understand what is said and done.

"BLOW, BREEZES, BLOW, and crack your sides," was the petulant remark of one of Shakespeare's creations, when he was caught in an unlooked-for storm. Had he been a res. of this city, and visited Woodroffe's Glass Blowers at Hope Chapel, doubtless he would have exclaimed blow, Woodroffes blow, and crack your cheeks, for our blowing friends seem to labor very hard and very industriously in their efforts to puff themselves and their pretty glass manufactures into notoriety. The Woodroffes give a show that is clearly seen through, and which is very pleasing to the eye withal. Let us all visit the blowers.

J. S. CLARKE has given us another new one act comedy in the guise of "Love in Livery," and in which that gentleman performs a laughable part as Paul Patent; he made a great deal of it, and was laughed at for his pains. The "Comedy of Errors" is still on, but will soon give place to something better......Mr. Clarke will remain here a few weeks longer, and then make way for Edwin Booth, when we are to have Shakespeare done up in extraordinary style, preparations for which have been going on for some time.

SOMETHING NEW at Heller's, this week, something jam up and devilish, full of sound and fury, signifying much. This fresh marvel of Heller's is called "Mephistopheles in Difficulties, or the Troublesome Spirit in Scarlet." Advocates of spirits, whether of domestic manufacture or foreign importation, are invited to attend the opening of this Scarlet Spirit.

THE LEARNED GIANTS, green seal, snakes, wax figgers, etc., are in great tribulation over the expected departure of Tom Thumb and his amiable and affectionate spouse, the present being announced as the last week of the little ones' stay at the Museum, the party having engaged to sail for Europe on the 29th inst. Even the Happy Family have been rendered unhappy by the sad announcement. Friends, "when this cruel war is over," and the sword shall be turned into instruments of husbandry, then, perhaps, we may have another opportunity to see Thumb, but not till then. The same small sum that admits you to see Thumb will show you the thousands of other curiosities which go to make Barnum's Museum so attractive.

THERE ARE many Southern refugees in this city, but one of the most important is "The Southern Refugee" now to be seen at the Varieties in the Bowery, where Hernandez, the great pantomimist, is one of the stars. De Lave, the tight ropist, is also there, doing a number of dangerous feats, and carrying all before him by his wonderful act in carrying a man behind him, while ascending the rope. We don't know whose courage to admire most, the man's, or the rope walkist's.

"THE CHUZZLEWIT FAMILY" will be shown up at Campbell's Minstrels, this week. There will be old Chuz, and young Chuz, and Peckslip, and Bailey, and all the other members of that delectable circle. Events that transpired "16,000 years ago" will also be revived for the express entertainment of the patrons of this establishment.

"THE LAUGHING HYENA" will form a very prominent attraction at 444 just now, and those who have never seen the merry animal, will know where to go to see it. But a far *prettier* sight are the laughing dancing girls; they beat all the hyenas outside of Van Amburgh's Menagerie, which isn't so *very* complimentary to the girls after all, is it?

ARTEMUS WARD, who travelled some among the Mormon women and others in Salt Lake City, gives us a *portion* of his experience among those bigamistic and Brighamistic Young people, commencing this evening, Oct. 17th, at Dodworth Hall. There is great curiosity to hear and see what Mr. Ward has to say and show concerning those erring sisters of the Saintly City. If he should open out rich onto 'em at first, he ought to draw a large crowd, especially of women, who are great scandal mongers, and delight to hear anything bad about their own sex. It will be worth while to be on hand when the "wax figger man" unrolls his budget.

TALKING ABOUT erring wives, reminds us that a new drama called the "Merry Wives of New York" is up for representation, this evening, at the New Bowery. Gosh, what a play could be made out of such a subject if the author wasn't afraid of hurting somebody's feelings. A great many of the merry wives of New York are perfect scallywags, who cloak their evil deeds in the garb of merriment.

WALLACK announces that his new play is a "genuine and triumphant success," which it isn't.

FRANK EDWARDS, treasurer for M. C. Campbell's Minstrels, over in the Bowery, was the recipient of a complimentary benefit at that hall on the 14th inst., and the house was filled to its utmost capacity, there not being standing room when the curtain rose. After the first part the *beneficiarie* was called out, and after a brief speech was presented by Mr. Aynsley Scott, in behalf of a few private friends, with a magnificent silver service, consisting of eight pieces. Among the volunteers was Dick Sands, the clog dancer, who was received with great applause, and his dance loudly encored. The receipts on this occasion reached $454.

ABOUT A NEW PLAY.—On Thursday evening, Oct. 13th, the Millionaires, Shoddyites and Petrolians (the latter is a new word, manufactured by ourselves expressly for the oily season) turned out *en masse* to witness the new play of the "Compact," at Wallack's. The Veteran had made the announcement in black and white upon his show-bills, and this was sufficient to draw an immense crowd. Every seat was taken, and those who had to stand, judging from the expression of their countenances, must have felt extremely miserable. What an array of beauty met the eye! We never knew that the ladies of New York were so handsome until we beheld them on that occasion. We gazed on many a "sun-bright eye," on many a cheek wherein the brightness would shame the stars, "as daylight doth a lamp," and we sweetly said to ourselves that "here are severed lips, parted with sugar breath." Gems of rare value flashed around us, bonnets suitable only for doll-babies adorned the caput of many a maiden of "sweet sixteen," and, whilst the glitter of watch-chains as large as the Atlantic Cable attracted our notice, our olfactory organs were filled with the delicate perfume of Otto of Rose. So much for the peoples, as Kossuth used to call them. The plot of the play is simply this: Juan Ravages, chief bandit (Lester Wallack), having waylaid the carriage of the archbishop of Grenada (Mr. Gilbert) in a lonely pass in the Sierra Morena, and robbed him of all his baggage, enters into a compact with the worthy man that he will refrain from any further deed of violence until the reverend father shall have seen the king of Spain (Mr. Whiting), and sued for his pardon. Hardly has the archbishop departed, and hardly has he (Juan) resigned his position as chief, when the robbers are dispersed by a company of soldiers sent by the Corregidor (Mr. Fisher), and Juan takes to his heels. In the village-inn he again meets the archbishop, and, having borrowed from him his hat and robe, and leaving in his possession a highly-polished knife for future use, sets forth upon his romantic wanderings. Near the bridge of Miranda he meets Don Lopez, an adventurer (Mr. Floyd), who strives to induce him to become a party to the abduction of Margarita (Mrs. Floyd). Juan scorns the action as unworthy of an honest man, and, being accused of entertaining thoughts of treachery, is only prevented by the compact from running Mendez through the heart. Mendez swears vengeance for the grievous wrong, and disappears. Whilst attempting to carry off the fair Margarita, the bold adventurer and his companion, Don Florez (Mr. Wright) are taken prisoners. The former, having been confined, for the want of better accommodations, in the house of Donna Isabella (Fanny Morant), discovers a secret panel, and succeeds in obtaining a diary kept by the old Donna. Juan suddenly appears, and is sworn to secresy. He promises to keep "mum" all he knows respecting Mendez, and, at the sound of footsteps, seeks refuge behind the secret panel. At the trial before the Corregidor, Mendez proclaims himself to be the son of Donna Isabella, and is informed by his newly-found mother that he is the Count of Villa Franca. The unhappy man is led to so impose upon the old woman who is blind, by some words contained in her diary. It seems, however, that the real Count when at college under the name of Mueros was found guilty of the murder of a classmate, and for this crime Mendez is led off to prison in company with Juan, whom he has basely betrayed. Juan, by the aid of his sweetheart Jacinta (Miss Gannon), escapes whilst Mendez is led before the King. The Archbishop sues in vain for the pardon of Juan. The Corregidor turns out to be the real Count, and is freed from all blame, owing to the conclusive evidence of the Bandit Chief. Juan saves the life of the King, is freely pardoned, keeps his compact with the Archbishop, and down comes the green curtain. The scenery is well painted by Isherwood, and great taste is displayed in the selection of the various costumes. Messrs. Lester, Fisher, Gilbert, and Holland, deserve praise for the effective rendering of the parts assigned them; nor must we forget Miss Morant, who so ably represented the character of a blind mother as to bring tears to eyes that had never been known to weep in play houses. Miss Gannon was also excellent as the lively Jacinta, and we have come to the conclusion that there are many plays inferior to "The Compact," and a great many far superior to it.

AT THE NEW BOWERY, the exciting drama of "Bessy Wild," introduced last week, has met with a decided success. Plays of this kind are usually dull and stupid, and possess no merit, except so far as they fill the mind with alternate fear and delight; but J. B. Howe has gathered a few seeds from a before untrodden field of literature, and nurtured them with care until they have now burst forth in full blossom. In other words, the author has been peculiarly fortunate in selecting a kind of dialogue which is neither tame nor wearisome to the ear, but which conveys instruction whilst it entertains. It would be useless for us to enter into a minute detail of the plot, but let this suffice for your information, that it abounds in striking tableaux and hair breadth escapes. On the evening that we attended its representation, the new Bowery was literally packed, and amid that large assemblage that seemed like one unbroken sea of faces we did not see a clouded brow. Old and young, large and small, looked pleased and happy, and those who once had smiled now smiled the more. Manager Lingard has succeeded in securing the services of Mr. J. B. Howe for the next three years to come, so that our friends on the east side of town may be sure that a host of novelties is in store for them. Meanwhile we say to you all go, ere the sun shall dawn upon another day, and pass a pleasant evening with "Bessy Wild."

ANCE WOOD publishes a card in another column, returning his thanks to those who assisted in making his benefit at Campbell's Minstrels such a success.

THE DOBSON BROTHERS have another card in our advertising columns, relative to their proposed match with Frank Converse. We neglected to mention that we received $100 from the brothers, when they left their card last week, as an earnest of their intentions.

FRANK B. CONVERSE is a teacher of the banjo, in the use of which instrument he is thoroughly experienced. See his card in another column.

STEPHEN MASSETT arrived on the 15th, from California.

MR. & MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS commence an eight weeks' engagement at Niblo's on the 5th of December.

MAGGIE MITCHELL, the charming little "Cricket," is to appear before the New York public once more, commencing an engagement at Niblo's Garden on the 24th.

A NEW ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY has just been organized in this city, called "Campbell & Castle's English Opera Troupe." It is composed of Miss Fanny Stockton, prima donna; Miss Georgia Fowler, contralto; Mr. Wm. Castle, first tenor; Walter Birch, second tenor; S. C. Campbell, primo baritone; and Mr. Warren White, basso. Mr. Frank Rivers is the manager. The troupe will probably commence their season on or about the 7th of November. Here is the material for a good troupe, and, as there is nothing of the kind now offered in the amusement world hereaway, we see no reason why the enterprise should not prove successful.

GIFTS are given away in abundance by the Manufacturing Jewelers' Association, whose Presentation Concerts are very popular. With each ticket purchased, an article of more or less value is given without any additional charge. See the Company's card in another column.

Dramatic.

THE Grand Rapids Theatre, Mich., has been undergoing a process of thorough re-ornamentation and refitting, and its opening night was set down for Oct. 17th, under the proprietorship of Messrs. Sam Rainforth and D. Squiers. They are prepared to treat with stars on liberal terms, and will also make arrangements with a good singing chambermaid, first walking gentleman and several utility people. Early application is desirable. See advertisement.

QUEBEC is somewhat behind the age in theatricals, as it is in almost everything else. Lately, things have been somewhat livelier, Weston's Theatrical Company having performed in the Music Hall in that city. They were advertised to play "The Ticket of Leave Man," on the 4th, with R. W. Villiers as Robert Brierly, and Miss Lillian Campbell as May Edwards; but owing to the latter absenting herself, or to some other cause, the "Ticket Man" was struck out, and "The Seven Clerks" substituted. The party do not seem to have given satisfaction, and business being bad, the concern came to an abrupt conclusion......On the 6th, Farini and Verrecke opened to what is pronounced the largest audience the music hall has had since Unsworth's Minstrels were there some four years ago. They had another good house on the 7th, and closed on the 8th. Verrecke's Flying Trapeze astonished the Quebeckers.

R. D'ORSAY OGDEN, manager of the Richmond (Va.) Theatre, in company with Jack Hillyard, an officer in the same establishment, put into execution a plan to escape to the Yankees on the 2d inst. Previous to the departure of the Fredericksburg train from Richmond, they by some means gained access to the private apartment of the ladies' car, and were not discovered till the train arrived at Bowling Green, in Caroline County, where their hiding place was discovered to the conductor, and they were placed under arrest; but subsequently Mr. Ogden jumped from the cars while they were in motion on their way back to Richmond, and succeeded in making his escape. Hillyard was taken back and committed to Castle Thunder. Neither of them had passports to leave the city. Ogden recently failed in an application, under *habeas corpus* before Judge Halyburton, for exemption from service, and was assigned for conscript duty at Camp Lee; but never, since the decision of the judge, has he performed service.

FIRST CLASS TRAGEDIANS are hereby requested to give brief attention to A. B. J.'s card in our advertising department.

EVERYTHING is lively in St. Louis, which promises to become a great military depot, as it is the intention of the authorities to be ready for any emergency in case of a raid; the city is now safe, and well protected by soldiers and militia. Our correspondent "Don," of date Oct. 10th, says:—"'The Ticket-of-Leave Man,' with Miss Mary Provost as Robert Brierly, was played all last week at the St. Louis Theatre, and has been so far successful, that the management have decided to play it all this week, with two more characters that were cut out, viz., Green Jones and Emily St. Evremond, thus making the piece as it was originally cast in London. Ben de Bar is to be the Green Jones, and Mrs. W. Edwards as Emily......As usual, the Varieties is full every night; the more excitement there is here seems to make show business flourish. The Provost Marshall has also behaved very well to the show folks in this city, as he closed every place, even fruit stands and barber shops; and citizens walking on the streets were marched off to assist in fortifying the city. The theatres were, however, not interfered with, as far as performing was concerned. Things are quieter now; the stores and all places of business close from 3 to 7 P. M., to allow time for drill. 'Agnes de Vere' and 'The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish,' were the two pieces played last week. 'The Blind Boy' is on the bills for this. Tony Pastor commenced on the 4th, and was received with great applause, and the people were highly delighted with his very comic rendition of 'I'd choose to be a baby.' 'The Ticket-of-Leave Woman' is in active rehearsal, and is shortly to be produced at this theatre. Kathleen O'Neil, Celia Morley, Frances LeRoy, Sallie Mason, M'lles Caroline, Augusta, Maggie Marshall, Johnny Mack, Frank Raymond and Little Mac, and a host of others are still here. Under the able management of Mr. E. Berry every thing goes as regular as clock work......Mr. Geo. Deagle is *en route* for Memphis to superintend the arrangements for 'Mazeppa,' to be produced at the St. Charles Theatre on the 17th, with Kate Vance and Don Juan."

MISS FANNY B. PRICE has created a perfect *furore* at Cairo, Ill. On Oct. 10th she commenced the second and last week of her engagement. From a Cairo exchange we clip the following:—"MISS FANNY B. PRICE.—This distinguished *tragedienne* grows in favor and popularity nightly. Her ability and power as a reader is of that character where no plagiarism of style can be detected. Her conceptions have originality stamped upon them. She is perfect mistress of the passions. Grief, anger, despondency and tenderness, flash one after the other across her flexible and expressive features with a correctness that bewilders the beholder, till he wonders if all the elements live in one soul. We were gratified to see that the elegant and refined portion of our citizens were and are her especial patrons. Had an opera been at the Athenaeum it could not have boasted a more distinguished and fastidious audience." A new drama of great interest, entitled "Little Jessie," will shortly be produced by Miss Price. Miss Price will commence an engagement of two weeks at the Toronto Lyceum, Oct 31st.

MR. JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH, at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, attracted fine houses and advanced considerably in the estimation of the play goers of that place. Last week he played Macbeth, Richard, Hamlet, and several other characters, to fine houses. He is a promising young actor and bids fair to attain to the highest honors of the stage as his father did before him. This week, at the Holliday, the Baltimore favorite, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, opens on Monday night, Oct. 17th.

FRONT STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, has for the past week echoed and reechoed to the thunders of applause showered upon Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence. The house has been crowded every night almost to suffocation, and the proprietors present smiling faces. During the past week they have appeared in a number of their choice pieces, and have been loudly applauded. They will be succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE in Chicago is rapidly approaching completion, and when finished will be an ornament to the city. It will be four stories in height, with a Mansard roof and fronts of Athens marble. The State street wing, through which there will be a principal entrance to the opera house, will be of a style similar to that of the main building. The Washington street front, 180 feet in length and 90 feet in height, will be marked by no distinctive feature of architecture, but will be massive and imposing. The front has only been raised a little above the first story, but a beholder may easily understand what the whole will be when completed. Column after column, similar to these already erected, will rise one above another, from the base of the building to the roof. The whole will be surmounted by four mammoth statues, representing music, the drama, painting and sculpture. The interior of the opera house has reached a stage toward completion where a visit to it is exceedingly interesting. The frame work of the parquet, circles, stage, &c., is all complete and presents an outline of what it is to be when finished. The opera house is 170 feet long (extending 10 feet over the alley, and being that much longer than the base of the building) by 90 feet broad. The stage being 60 feet deep, leaves an auditorium 110 by 90 feet and capable of accommodating about 3,500 persons; it is understood that the proprietor will spare no pains or expense to make the interior work and furnishings the finest in the West. It will be completed during the winter months, and opened in splendid style by a fully organized opera troupe. That half of the building next to Washington street is divided into studios above and stores below. There are four of the latter, two on either side of the principal entrance. In addition to the studios there will also be, above and to the right and left of the entrance, two music halls, for balls, parties, &c. The upper apartments will comprise an addition to the Stewart House and will be used for hotel purposes. Crosby's Opera House will cover a larger area of ground than any single building in Chicago.

MR. LANERGAN announced his dramatic season in Detroit to terminate on the 15th inst, and he was to go thence to Jackson, where he was to commence operations on the 17th.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS commence their Philadelphia engagement of four weeks at the Arch on the 31st inst.

KATE FISHER and her dramatic company have gone down East with the intention of giving the Yankees a sight of her performance of Mazeppa. She will stop in the principal cities on the New Haven and Providence Railroad.

MARY PROVOST commences an engagement in Chicago on the 24th inst.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Buffalo, business has been splendid with Mr. Chas. Pope as the star and the spectacle of "The Last Days of Pompeii." For three weeks this piece has been performed and continues to attract large audiences.

EDWIN ADAMS did a big business in Pittsburgh, last week. His first week's profit footed up, it is said, $1,024, which, if true, is a big thing for the Smoky City. Mr. Adams is at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, this week.

THE WEBB SISTERS open in Louisville, Ky., at Fuller's Theatre, on the 24th inst. They go thence to Memphis, Nashville and New Orleans, appearing in the latter city on the 11th of February. Their late engagement in Nashville is said to have been the most lucrative one fulfilled by any star in the New Theatre.

KATE DENIN AND SAM RYAN were performing last week at Brant's Hall, Harrisburg, Pa., with Rouse's Dramatic Company. "East Lynne" was produced on the 10th.

A FIRST-CLASS agent, treasurer and property man for a legitimate show are wanted by J. E. Sanford. See advertisement.

LAURA KEENE'S Comedy Company have taken the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, for four nights, commencing Oct. 17th, the "Love Chase" being the first piece played. Brooklyn will, without doubt, have a good supply of dramatic material this winter, and perhaps ere the season expires will have secured a permanent position as a good paying field of operations for leading artists and troupes.

THE PARK THEATRE, in Brooklyn, has never had better audiences or more numerous attendance than during the two weeks' engagement of that charming actress, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, who made her farewell bow to her Brooklyn admirers on Saturday night, Oct. 15th, the house being crowded. On Thursday she played Julia in the "Hunchback," Conway enacting the part of Master Walter; his make up, by the way, not being as excellent as his reading was. Mrs. Bowers' rendering of the character of Julia was excellent throughout. On Friday, 14th, she had a farewell benefit, and dozens were turned away unable to procure seats. A double attraction was offered on the occasion, Mrs. Conway appearing as Romeo to Mrs. Bowers' Juliet, Conway playing Mercutio; and Lewis, Tybalt. The play was creditably presented throughout, the principal scenes being finely rendered by the two talented sisters; their reading was almost faultless, and their action artistic. Mrs. Grattan's Nurse, and Curran's Friar Lawrence, were praiseworthy features of the performance. We were highly amused on the night of Mrs. Bowers' benefit by the critical comments of three of the lady members of the Park company, who "for this occasion only" enacted the parts of spectators, taking seats immediately behind our place. While listening to their spicy remarks, and enjoying "the fun of the thing," we thought of Burns' verse, "O wad some power the giftie gee us, to see ourselves as others see us; it wad from mony a blunder free us, and foolish notion." Actors and actresses enjoy the criticisms on others well enough, but when it comes home it ceases to be attractive. We have a little story illustrative of the over sensitiveness of certain actors and actresses in regard to their estimation of themselves and the peculiar jealousies engendered, which will not spoil by keeping for a few weeks......By the way, Frank Drew makes his bow to the Brooklyn public from the boards of the Park Theatre during this week, beginning Oct. 17th.

MISS LOTTA, the charming little comedienne, will commence an engagement at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, November 6th. The following complimentary notices are selected from some of the leading papers:

"Miss Lotta possesses undoubtedly a very extended and most versatile talent. She plays the banjo with great spirit, and dances a breakdown in such style as to cause the star of the champion in that line to pale, added to which, Miss Lotta possesses a quick and ready repartee, which she launches at her audience with infinite grace. She is very *petite*, but has a good figure, and, beyond all we ever saw, possesses any amount of *aplomb*—*N. Y. Herald.*

"For a young lady still in her teens she played upon the banjo extremely well, and gave a negro melody in first rate style. In Mrs. McGowan's reel she was irresistibly comic, and left Mrs. Barney Williams far in the background. In the burletta of *Jenny Lind* she sang and acted with a vivacity and talent very extraordinary in one so young, and proved that her California reputation was well deserved. As a comedienne, we believe in time that she will surpass any lady on the American stage.

Eve. Telegraph, Phil.

"Miss Lotta is rapidly growing in popular esteem; and the designation of the "California Favorite" promises soon to be changed to that of the "Chicago Favorite,"—a title which it is hoped she will prove as worthy and as proud to bear as that which she brought here.—*Chicago Times.*

"Miss Lotta, a California favorite, appeared during the week, on each evening, in the afterpiece, to the great delight of the audiences. Miss Lotta's "McGowan's Reel" is something irresistibly comic, and was nightly encored to the echo.

Inquirer, Phil.

"To say nothing of Miss Lotta's inimitable acting in her various parts, and with the zest with which she utters her observations, and lets fly her retorts, her dancing in the Sailor's Hornpipe and the Irish Jig was, as also her banjo solo, admirable.

Chicago Times.

STARS AND ARTISTS of acknowledged ability are advertised for in this issue by Manager Wildman for the Metropolitan Theatre, Davenport, Iowa.

GRISWOLD HALL, Troy, N. Y., is to open on or about November 1st. Stock actors and stars are wanted. See advertisement.

YANKEE LOCKE, the American Comedian, commences at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 17th inst. Managers wishing to engage him should address as per advertisement in another column.

WE HAVE just received China advices of the 8th of August. The Thorne family were about to leave for Japan....The Smith-Christy's Party were to give a complimentary benefit on the 10th., to the widow of Thomas Thorne. There seems to be a good feeling between the two parties, and both have made a deal of money. At the funeral of Thomas Thorne, the Christys sang a requiem over the grave, and the papers state that of the immense number present, the *tout ensemble* of the ceremony was so effective and melancholy that hardly a dry eye was present.

MISS ALICE KINGSBURY was at the Metropolitan Theatre, Davenport, Iowa, last week, supported by Albert A. Wyatt and the dramatic company.

HOLMAN'S OPERA TROUPE opened at Lafayette, Ind., on the 12th inst., to a large house. In fact, business all through the season has been unusually good with this troupe. Although charging 50 and 75 cents, it does not seem to diminish the business. They open at the New Theatre, Fort Wayne, Ind., on the 17th, for two weeks.

MISS MARY MITCHELL terminated a two weeks' engagement at the Old Nashville Theatre on the 15th inst.

"ROSEDALE" was performed all last week at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y.

LUCILLE WESTERN took a benefit at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, on the 14th inst., and it was a grand affair. On the 15th she appeared as Lady Macbeth.

ZOE brought her Cincinnati engagement to a close on the 15th inst., at Wood's Theatre......This week Edwin Adams is the star.

EDWIN ADAMS has been playing a two weeks' engagement at the Old Drury, Pittsburgh, to crowded houses, notwithstanding the excitement about the election. Our correspondent, "Idaho," says:—"So crowded, in fact, is the house, that the old placard of standing room only nightly greets you as you pass through the vestibule. On the 10th and 11th, he appeared as Robert Landry, in the 'Dead Heart,' a piece which contains some very fine parts, and gives Mr. Adams full scope to show his abilities, which, judging from the breathless silence in which he held the house while on the stage, was appreciated. He was supported by Mr. Makee Rankin, who is certainly a most praiseworthy and painstaking actor, and has made hosts of friends during the brief time he has been with us. On the 12th, the 'Lady of Lyons' had command of the boards, and was well received. Miss Annie Eberle's Pauline was excellent, and received loud applause at different intervals. On the 13th, Mr. Adams appeared as Rover, in 'Wild Oats,' fully testifying that he is as much at home in comedy as in tragedy and dramas. Friday night, 14th, was his farewell benefit, on which occasion he appeared as Adrian De Teligny, in the 'Heretic,' and William, in 'Black Eyed Susan. He goes from here to Cincinnati.'

BILLY O'NEIL, after the termination of his Australian engagement, which will probably last six months, intends visiting England once more, thence to Scotland, after which he will pay America another visit. Billy is carrying himself very straight now, and is on the road to fame.

J. C. MYERS' Dramatic Company is doing an excellent business at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, C. W. "Rob Roy" was produced on the 14th, with T. L. Connor as Rob Roy, E. M. Leslie as Bailie, Mrs. Day as Helen, and Miss West as Diana.

MAGGIE MITCHELL has been fulfilling a most brilliant engagement at Ford's Washington Theatre the past four weeks.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS continue the stars at Grover's Washington Theatre. "The Connie Soogah" was produced last week, and succeeded in running through the week to good houses.

MISS AVONIA JONES has been playing at the New Nashville Theatre, the past two weeks, to excellent houses. On the 10th, "Leah" was produced, and was well received.

THE RICHINGS TROUPE appeared in "Fra Diavolo," Sept. 19th, at Maguire's Academy of Music, San Francisco. "Don Pasquale" was in rehearsal. Miss Jennie Kempton was up for a benefit, Sept. 20th. The season of opera was announced to terminate Sept. 23d, with a benefit to Miss Richings, after which Peter Richings, Caroline Richings and Edward Seguin were to appear for one week in dramatic performances, commencing Sept. 25th with "School for Scandal," followed by "Extremes," "Fashion," and "Old Heads and Young Hearts."

MR. J. H. WARWICK, a California actor, but who left the stage three or four years ago to engage in the political arena,—and represented Sacramento in the Legislature—made his reappearance on the stage, Sept. 19th, at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, San Francisco, was closed Sept. 19th, for a brief period, to undergo a thorough course of refitting and repainting.

FRANK PHELPS' METROPOLITAN THEATRE, at Elmira, N. Y., is doing, it is said, a good business. Mollie Williams and Felix A. Vincent were the stars last week, and continue the present. They are followed on the 24th by Annie Wait and W. H. Leak, for two weeks; then Fanny Price and D. Hanchett play a two weeks' engagement, followed by Sam Ryan and Kate Denin.

AN ENTIRE DRAMATIC COMPANY, a first class danseuse and a property man are wanted for the New Theatre, Fort Wayne, Ind., for a season of six months, commencing on December 5th. See Mr. Charles Plunkett's advertisement in another column.

AT THE NORFOLK OPERA HOUSE, Mrs. Gladstane has appeared in an admirable selection of attractive pieces, including "The Soldier's Daughter," "East Lynne," and "Lady Dudley's Secret," investing her characters with life-like individuality, attracting large audiences, who give unmistakable evidence of their satisfaction......Mrs. Gladstane was to have concluded her engagement on the 15th, to be succeeded on the 17th by Mr. and Mrs. H. Watkins, who will fill a five nights engagement, and be succeeded by Miss Charlotte Thompson.

MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH has been playing at Virginia City, N. T., supported by Mr. and Mrs. Irwin and others.

A DRAMATIC COMPANY, composed of Annette Ince, J. H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin and others, was to start for Victoria, Sept. 19th, under the management of Mr. Ward.

MRS. JULIA DEAN HAYNE is at Idaho City, I. T., with a dramatic company, doing a good business.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Sacramento, was opened, Sept. 19th, by Mr. Charles Tibbetts, with a full *corps dramatique*, comprising Mesdames Emily Jordan and Judah, Messrs. Lawlor, Franks, Mitchell, E. Thayer and others. "Leah," "Aurora Floyd," nad "Mazeppa," were to be performed.

R. D'ORSAY OGDEN, manager of the Richmond (Va) Theatre, and who recently made his escape from the general conscription going on there, was the recipient of a complimentary testimonial benefit a short time before he seceded, the tender being made by honorables, judges, influential civilians in every class of life, and numerous officers in the Confederate army. For the occasion the bill consisted of the "Romance of a Poor Young Man," with Miss Ida Vernon as Marguerite, Katie Estelle as Heloise, and Ogden as Manuel. The burlesque of "Pocahontas" was also performed, with Miss Sallie Partington as John Smith, Ida Vernon as Pocahontas, and E. R. Dalton as Powhatan. We don't know what the committee have to say about the abrupt departure of D'Orsay, right on the heels of the complimentary. Their letter contained some very flattering remarks touching Mr. Ogden's efforts to revive the drama in Richmond, and place it on a firm basis, to which Ogden responded in a letter fully as long and flattering as that sent him by the committee. Jes so.

THE SAME TRIO of star artists remain at the Philadelphia theatres this week, viz: the Warren Combination at the Chestnut, Vestvali at the Arch, and Charlotte Thompson at the Walnut.... Miss Pauline Cushman is still at the Assembly Building.... McKean Buchanan and daughter open at the Walnut on the 24th, succeeding Charlotte Thompson.

Music Halls.

TOM CONY is still the card at Esher's Bowery, St. Louis.

MISS SALLIE THAYER and Little Flora Cony are engaged to appear at the Canterbury, Washington.

MILLIE FRANCES has returned to Esher's Bowery Theatre, St. Louis.

TONY PASTOR is delighting the good folks of St. Louis at the Varieties.

THE MELODEON, Baltimore, has at present one of the best companies, and presents one of the best arranged programmes of any concert hall in the city, and has been attended the past week by very large audiences. Manager Gardiner deserves great credit for his untiring efforts to give to the people of Baltimore a concert saloon, worthy of attendance and support. The company at present comprises Sig. Abijah Couse, Tom Vance, the comic singer, who is nightly *encored* again and again; Johnny Thompson, Frank Kerns, and other male performers; Misses Lottie Chandler, Nellie Edwards, Tilly Forbes, Fanny Chapman, Maggie Vernon and Nellie Grey.

MR. GEO. WAMBOLD, who has just returned after a summer's campaign with Brian's Circus, is prepared to treat with managers for brief engagements. Mr. Wambold is an excellent contortionist, and in addition to this has a trick dog, which accompanies him. See his advertisement in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER.

THE DETROIT VARIETIES has a well-selected company at present engaged, among whom may be found Agnes Sutherland, Kate Partington, Nellie Haywood, Harry Leslie, Fernando Fleury, Tom Russell, E. C. Buell and Pete Lee.

BISHOP'S VARIETIES, at Chattanooga, Tenn., is open, and doing a splendid business under the management of Brigham Bishop. The company consists of Fannie Marsh, Lizzie Walker, La Belle Louise, Mike McKenna, Frank Gerard, Johnny Murphy, Billy Boyce, Bob Lindley and Ned Straight. Mr. Bishop is at present erecting a building which will be finished in a few weeks.

THE CANTERBURY, Washington, is in the full tide of success, under the able management of Mr. Geo. Lea, who during the past two weeks has offered to his patrons the greatest combination of artists seen in that city for some time. Among the notables were Mr. John Denier, the intrepid gymnast who astonished every one by his daring performances on the *corde elastique*; Mulligan, the popular Ethiopian comedian, came in for his share of applause. S. Zollosy's ballet troupe was a very attractive feature of the show, composed, as it was, of sixteen *demoiselles*. The comic pantomime of the "Mischievous Monkey" was performed, and with its funny tricks and transformations went off well. This week the manager offers Cherry Belle, the protean actress; Josh Hart, the Negro comedian; and Laura Le Claire, all of whom were announced to put in an appearance on the 17th inst. The Canterbury is one of the fixed institutions of the "City of Magnificent Distances."

AT THE NEW OLYMPIC THEATRE, Cincinnati, the company now performing there consists of Messrs. M. Clifford, H. Blood, F. Wilson, B. Whitton, W. Lyster, F. Wood, G. Clayton, T. Woodruff, Little Jack, the Misses Carrie Avery, Jennie Allen, L. Payne, Ida Devere, Fanny Devere, Emma Morton, Nellie Johnson, Kate Clare, Julia Melville, and Lucy Yale. Harry Clifford is stage manager, and W. Emerson leader of orchestra. Last week they performed the burlesque of Rosedale to good business.

UNDER THE management of Fred Aims, the Melodeon, Pittsburgh, is represented as doing an immense business. Millie and Clara Fowler are at this establishment, and also a strong attraction in the shape of Sig. Henrico, whose cannon ball feet is wonderful. Denny Gallagher, Dick Collins, and a host of others are at the Melodeon. Among the celebrities at Trimble, Pittsburgh, are Miss Ida Duval, Miss Frank Christie, Ben Wheeler, Tim Hays, and Johnny Hart, the old Pittsburgh favorite.

Negro Minstrelsy.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS perform in Buffalo on the 20th and 21st inst.

MR. J. W. CHARLES, the wench dancer, sailed from Quebec, C. E., last week, for Liverpool.

NEWCOMB'S Minstrels perform in Albany, N. Y., on the 20th inst.

THE RAYNOR-CHRISTY party have been meeting with success in the principal cities and towns down East. They were at Lowell, Mass., on the 13th, and were steering for Albany N. Y.

"THE DOOMED EATING-HOUSE" is the fearful title of an act now being performed by Moran's Minstrels, Philadelphia. The cast is a very strong one, as follows: Honest Short Cake, Frank Moran; Soda Cracker, E. Bowers; Mat. of the Iron Hand, J. Purcell. Whether the affair is an entirely original conception, or an adaptation from the fertile brain of the imaginative Boucicault, we have not yet learned; but it is true that "The Doomed Eating-House" has made a sensation among the Knights of the Round Table.

MORAN'S MINSTRELS, a troupe consisting of sixteen performers, give their pleasing entertainments, nightly, at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, to large audiences. Messrs. Allinson & Hincken are the proprietors of this establishment, and, as will be seen by their card elsewhere, want a first-class tenor and baritone. Let the vacuum be filled.

BIRCH'S MINSTRELS have been imposing upon the people of Richmond, Va., by conveying the idea that they are composed of some of our best performers, whose names they have assumed. The band have been giving entertainments at Metropolitan Hall, and announced the show as "under the management of Billy Birch." The genuine Billy Birch is at present in California...... Another party, called the Olio Minstrels, were giving exhibitions at the Richmond Varieties, and have the audacity to announce the following as members of the company, evidently with the intention of misleading the people of Richmond:—R. J. Buckley, Charley White, Billy Pell, H. Allen, Billy Lewis, Charley Harris, etc. A few females belong to the company; they are Inez Floyd, Carrie Bentley, and several others whose names are not given. Mons. Howard, slack rope performer and contortionist, was also with this concern.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS are as popular as ever with the Brooklynites, and continue to perform every night to crowded and delighted audiences. Manager Hooley knows exactly what to offer his patrons, and his programmes, which are always select, are varied each week.

"HIAWATHA; OR, Ardent Spirits and Laughing Water," is the last palpable hit in the line of musical extravaganza, made by Murphy and Bray's Minstrels and the Worrell Sisters, at the American Theatre, San Francisco.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS are doing a splendid business at their Opera House, Philadelphia. Their entertainments are certainly very attractive.

SAM. SHARPLEY'S IRON CLADS closed, last week, one of the most successful seasons ever played in Buffalo. They opened to $528 and closed to over $300, against a "free torch light show." On the 14th their hall was a great jam, hundreds being obliged to leave, so crowded was the place. This is a big thing for Sam. when it is known that he performs for the advanced rates of admittance. They are in Rochester this week, and Arlington's party was billed against them, to open on the 18th. In Syracuse, Sam. is billed against them and Newcomb's party. Sharpley's Iron Clads open in Auburn on the 25th and 26th inst., Syracuse, 27th and 28th, and Oswego, 29th.

Circuses.

ORRIN & SEBASTIAN'S "Grand Circo" was performing in Lima, Peru, Sept. 27th, all well.

THE WILSON, Zoyara & Carlo Circus was in San Francisco at last accounts. Wm. Carlo was up for a benefit Sept. 22d, when eight clowns were announced to appear in the ring. Business has been good since their initial performance. This company was to appear at Sacramento Oct. 17th, during the State Fair.

Miscellaneous.

PRESTIDIGITATORS are very amusing fellows in their way, and those who rank high in their profession can calculate upon having large audiences almost every time. Among those of reputation in the Western and Southern sections of these *not* dis-United States, is Prof. J. M. Searl, who has a word or two to say to managers in our advertising columns. Let them read, mark, learn and inwardly digest his proposition, and govern themselves accordingly. The professor was to be at Bloomington, Ill., on the 13th and 14th inst.; Springfield, 18th and 19th; and Decatur, 20th and 21st.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAIN VOCALIST has it in contemplation to visit California next season.

FATHER KEMP'S Old Folks sing at Allyn Hall, Hartford, Ct., on the 24th inst.

BILL POSTER is a very important personage at the present time, and his name figures conspicuously in politics, amusements, etc. In Pittsburgh, he is seeking the suffrage of all good show people, and all should give him their vote if they desire to succeed in their undertakings in that region. The Bill Poster we mean is a very near relative of James Thackeray, who advertises in another column.

TALENT is in great demand, especially at the Hall of Music, Washington, D. C., formerly the Varieties, which is now in process of alteration, decoration, etc., and is soon to be opened under the management of Mr. Curran. Messrs. Fox, Curran & Norris are the proprietors. See their advertisement.

BAYLEY AND ANDREWS' ZOUAVE TROUPE commences an engagement at Griswold Hall, Troy, N. Y. on or about October 26th. Jas. Conner & Co., of this city, are their agents, through whom engagements with them may be made. See advertisement.

TWO PANTOMIMES are wanted by J. L. Carncross, whose card will be found in another column. Let those who have pantomimes to sell, prepare to sell them now.

THE BLAISDELL BROTHERS were chiming their bells at Maguire's Opera House, Virginia City, N. T., Sept. 16th.

ALF BURNETT, the humorist, did a good business three nights at Williamsburgh. On the 15th he appeared at the Brooklyn Athenaeum, and remains in that city all this week.

MISS AUGUSTA LAMOREAUX, the dancer, is on her way to New York and Philadelphia, after a highly successful engagement in California. We are informed that she has netted $20,000 in gold in that country.

Amateur.

THE WHEATLEY D. A. gave a performance in Philadelphia on the 12th, and notwithstanding the rain, our correspondent says the Hall was crowded, and not even standing room was to be obtained. The plays were "Jonathan Bradford" and "Loan of a Lover." Mr. T. K. Sailer, in the principal part of Dan Macraisy, was excellent. It is very rarely this gentleman performs, but when he does he has an attentive audience. J. Wallace, as Jonathan Bradford, was good, his make up being deserving of especial mention. I scarcely know what to say in relation to Mr. E. E. Hulfish, Jr. No matter what he undertakes, he always performs his part well—the double-room scene brought down the house. Mr. T. M. Waer, as Jack Rackbottle, performed with ability and energy. Mr. Hayes, by W. S. Dye, could not have been better, and in the murder scene was very effective. The part of Ann Bradford was placed in the hands of Miss Vernon, and was fairly performed. Miss Western, as Sally Sighabout, dressed and acted her character well. In the afterpiece, Mr. Brooks created a sensation as Captain Amersfort. Mr. J. M. Waer deserves especial mention as Peter Spyk, and no fault could be found with his make up. Mr Burns, as Swyzel, was excellent. The small part of Delve was entrusted to W. S Dye, which he performed very creditably. The decided feature of the performance was Miss Vernon's Gertrude; her singing was rapturously applauded. Miss Western, as Ernestine, was good, but this lady has no confidence, and should learn to speak easier and slower, and not jumble her words up......Wednesday, Oct. 19th, Mr. J. Brooke's night—"Everybody's Friend" and "Perfection."......Wednesday, Oct. 26th, Mr. J. Burns' night—"Spectre Bridegroom" and "Kill or Cure."......Wednesday, Nov. 2d, Mr. Frelinghuysen's night—"All that Glitters is not Gold" and "Boots at the Swan." So says our correspondent "F. L. L."

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

TWO ACTORS were killed and several injured, recently, at a Madgeburg theatre, by the fall of a tower on the stage, in which a scene was being enacted.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN was announced to make her *debut* in London, Oct. 3d, at Astley's Theatre, in her world-renowned impersonation of "Mazeppa," with a stud of forty horses, two hundred soldiers and ballet, with the following cast: Mazeppa, Miss Menken (from America); Olinska, Miss Lucy Rushton (from the Haymarket); Zemila, Miss Minnie Clifford (from Drury-lane); Oneiza, Miss Clifford; Shepherdess, Miss Clifton; Agatha, Mrs. Edgar; Abder Kahn, Mr. Samuel Emery (from Drury-lane); Count Palatin, Mr. Gresham (from Drury-lane).

JOHN COLLINS, the Irish comedian, is in London, and was announced to commence an engagement Oct. 3d, at the Adelphi Theatre, in the "Irish Ambassador" and "Teddy the Tiler."

AMUSEMENTS.

ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE MORMONS.
DODWORTH HALL, 806 Broadway.
EVERY EVENING.

ARTEMUS WARD having secured Dodworth Hall for a limited period and perfected his arrangements, will positively give entertainments every evening. The subject will comprise a
PICTORIAL JOURNEY
FROM PIER NO. 3, NORTH RIVER, TO
SALT LAKE CITY,
presenting the most prominent physical aspects of Utah Territory, and the several phases of domestic life in the "City of the Saints."

The illustrations have been painted with great care by
MESSRS. HILLIARD AND MAEDER,
assisted by other eminent artists of New York.

Doors open at 7½. Commence at 8.

Admission 50 cents. Central Reserved Chairs placed so as to command the best view of the pictures, numbered and reserved through the evening, One Dollar.

Balcony Box, with separate entrance, holding six, $10.

Office open, for securing Central Chair Seats, daily, from 10 till 5. 28-

MUSIC FOR MILITARY BRASS BANDS.—The subscriber would announce to the BANDS OF OUR ARMY that he has on hand a new assortment of Quicksteps, Marches, Waltzes, &c., arranged for any number of instruments. Persons having any favorite Songs can have them inserted in Original Quicksteps, with entirely new Introductions, Interludes, and Finales. Address, for six weeks, NED STRAIGHT,
Bishop's Minstrels,
Chattanooga, Tenn.
28-3t*

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c......................HENRY WOOD.
MR. WOOD respectfully announces that he has, at an enormous expense, effected an engagement, for a few nights only, with the celebrated Acrobats,
PROF. SIEGRIST AND SON,
And his Wonderful Troupe of
PERFORMING DOGS,
Who will appear every evening in their
LAUGHABLE DELINEATION OF CHARACTERS.
The Fireman, The Schoolmaster, The African Belle, The Milkman, The Irish Servant, &c.
PERFORMANCES VARIED NIGHTLY.
FIRST APPEARANCE OF CHARLEY FOX.
Camille, Burlesque Circus, Broadway Belle, The Echo, The Road to Richmond, The Conscripts, Banjo Solo, &c.
Doors open at a quarter to 7; Commence at a quarter to 8 o'clock.
TICKETS 30 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS 50 CENTS.
NOTICE.—No connection with any traveling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 28

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.
199 and 201 BOWERY,
OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT,
and
SATURDAY AFTERNOON,
At 2 o'clock.
This week, first appearance of
DICK SANDS,
CHAMPION CLOG-DANCER
of
THE WORLD.
FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 21,
Benefit of
FRANK LESLIE,
Stage Manager and Tenor Singer,
On which occasion a Host of Volunteers.
Tickets 25 cents to all parts of the house. 28

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor..................MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Stage Manager....................MR. N. B. CLARKE.
First Night of
J. B. HOWE'S
Drama of
THE MERRY WIVES OF NEW YORK.
Second week of
J. B. HOWE'S
Grand Drama of
BESSY WILD,
THE THIEF-TAKER'S DAUGHTER,
Containing New and Thrilling Incidents
in the Eventful Career of the Notorious
JACK SHEPPARD,
and his celebrated Pal and Tutor,
BLUESKIN,
With Unapproachable Scenery and Effects.
PADDY CAREY. 28

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
Lessee, Director, and Manager...........G. L. FOX.
EVERY NIGHT TILL FURTHER NOTICE,
MISS FANNY HERRING,
The popular Actress,
In the Grand Tragic Role of
LYSIAH,
THE ABANDONED,
Received nightly with the greatest approbation.
MR. J. B. STUDLEY...........as.....Nathan, the Apostate Jew.
This beautiful piece is a faithful translation of the German Play, entitled
DEBORAH-ODER DIE EDELE JUDIN,
By JULES MOSENTHAL.
Translator, CHARLES SMITH CHELTNAM.
It is sustained by the full strength of the Company.
NEW SCENERY, DRESSES, TABLEAUX AND EFFECTS,
And is the Greatest Success of the Season.
PANTOMIME—DECHALAMEAU.
28 NEW AND LAUGHABLE FARCE.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.............................WM. WHEATLEY.
MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 17, 1864,
Last night but Three of the engagement of
EDWIN FORREST,
Who will appear (for the first time this season,) in his powerful Impersonation of
SPARTACUS,
In Dr. Bird's grand American Tragedy.
THE GLADIATOR,
supported by the entire Company.
TUESDAY—EDWIN FORREST as SPARTACUS.
WEDNESDAY—Bulwer's great play, THE LADY OF LYONS.
Pauline..............MADAM METHUA-SCHELLER.
Claude Melnotte...............................W. WHEATLEY.
THURSDAY—EDWIN FORREST as RICHARD THE THIRD.
FRIDAY—Benefit and last appearance of
EDWIN FORREST—CORIOLANUS.
MONDAY, Oct. 24, MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,
will make her first appearance at this Theatre.
Seats secured six days in advance. 28

HELLER'S SALLE DIABOLIQUE,
No. 585 BROADWAY (opposite Niblo's).
TWENTY-THIRD WEEK.
MONDAY, OCTOBER 17th,
PRODUCTION OF NOVELTY.
FIRST NIGHT
OF THE
NEW MEPHISTOPHELIAN FEAT.
HELLER'S
STEADY AND CONTINUOUS SUCCESS
is evidenced by the houses being thronged every evening, by the plaudits of the audience, and by the demand for reserved seats increasing daily.
All the chief features of the present programme will be retained, with special additions for the present week.
HELLER'S FANTASIA,
"LAST ROSE OF SUMMER,"
will be restored by request; and the new surprise will be introduced, entitled
MEPHISTOPHELES IN DIFFICULTIES;
OR,
THE TROUBLESOME SPIRIT IN SCARLET.
A SPECIAL TREAT
FOR
SPIRITUALISTS AND LOVERS OF GHOSTLY MAGIC.
Doors open at 7½; commence at 8.
MATINEE ON SATURDAY,
At 3 P. M.
Box office open daily from 9 till 5. 28

BROADWAY THEATRE,
ANOTHER WEEK OF
JOHN E. OWENS'
triumphant personation of
SOLON SHINGLE
and
JOSH BUTTERBY.
The finest bits of comic acting ever witnessed in New York, and which for the past
SIX WEEKS
HAVE COMMANDED SIX WEEKS
THE GREATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE AUDIENCES
ever continuously attracted to this theatre,
EVEN IN ITS PALMIEST DAYS.
Parties wishing to avoid disappointment should secure places several days in advance. The orchestra and dress circle seats are usually sold before 4 o'clock each afternoon.
MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, AND EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK,
VICTIMS and THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER,
nightly received by multitudinous audiences with
PEALS OF LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE. 28

WINTER GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager..........................W. STUART.
Stage Manager..................................J. G. HANLY.
Commence at 7¾ o'clock.
Fifty-fifth night of the triumphant engagement of
MR. J. S. CLARKE.
The enthusiastic reception nightly accorded to the uproariously laughable one-act comedy, called
LOVE IN LIVERY
induces the management to invite the special attention of the public to Mr. Clarke's exquisitely comic personation of
PAUL PATENT.
It will be preceded by, for the fourteenth time, that most amusing of Shakespeare's creations, the
COMEDY OF ERRORS,
in which Mr. Clarke appears as Dromio of Syracuse. The opening nights of this week must be
THE LAST NIGHTS
of this great combination bill. The public should, therefore, not lose the few opportunities left.
Will shortly be revived, Morton's celebrated comedy of the School of Reform, in which Mr. Clarke will essay the character of Bob Tyke. 28

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Commences at 7½.
"DICKENS REVISITS NEW-YORK."
FOURTH WEEK AND CONTINUED SUCCESS
of the Olympic version of Dickens' celebrated novel of
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT,
ADAPTED EXPRESSLY BY S. R. FISK, ESQ.
FARCE, COMEDY, BURLESQUE, ALL IN ONE PLAY.
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.
Mrs. John Wood would take great pleasure in republishing the very genial and flattering articles upon the Olympic version of MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT which have appeared in all the papers, daily and weekly, did she not believe that these articles have already been extensively read in the journals in which they were originally printed. The critics unanimously agree that this is the best adaptation of DICKENS ever presented, and the acting all that could be desired. The public have endorsed this verdict by a succession of CROWDED HOUSES during the past three weeks.
MRS. JOHN WOOD,
AND EVERY MEMBER OF THE COMPANY
IN THE GREAT CAST,
28 EVERY NIGHT.

BAYLEY & ANDREWS'
GREAT ORIGINAL ZOUAVE TROUPE
AND FEMALE BRASS BAND,
will open at GRISWOLD HALL, Troy, N. Y., on or about Oct. 26th, for one week.
BAYLEY & ANDREWS, Proprietors.
AUGUST MULLER, Conductor of Orchestra.
J. C. DU BARRE, Ballet Master & Stage Manager.
D. SAXTON, Advance Agent.
28-1t JAMES CONNER & CO., Local Agents.

BANJOEROSTATION.---We guarantee the Pupil to learn perfectly the art of playing the Banjo in one course of lessons, by our new method, for $5. Ladies taught.
27-2t* J. K. BUCKLEY & BRO., 209 Thompson st.

AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.
THE LAST WEEK
OF THE TOM THUMB COMBINATION.
LADIES! CHILDREN! FAMILIES!
avail yourselves of the present opportunity, for
EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD
should see those
ELEGANT AND ACCOMPLISHED LILLIPUTIANS.
At the close of their present engagement,
GENERAL TOM THUMB AND WIFE
RETIRE FROM PUBLIC LIFE.
THEY SAIL FOR EUROPE ON THE 29th.
GENERAL TOM THUMB AND CHARMING WIFE,
COM. NUTT AND MISS MINNIE WARREN
GIVE THREE ENTERTAINMENTS DAILY,
At 11 A. M., and at 3 and 7½ P. M.
At the Morning Levee they appear in
THEIR IDENTICAL WEDDING COSTUME.
AFTERNOON, AT 3,
first performance of Watts Phillip's Domestic play
PAUL'S RETURN.
Previous to play, TOM THUMB TROUPE.
TONY DENIER IN TRIPE'S MIRACULUM.
EVENING, AT 7½.
The Musical Comedy in two Acts,
ELVIRA; or, THE ROSE OF CASTILE.
TOM THUMB COMBINATION.
A FAVORITE FARCE.
ALBINOS, GIANT, LEARNED SEAL, &c., &c.
Admission 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.
MR. WHEATLEY finds pleasure in announcing his engagement of
THE GRACEFUL AND GIFTED YOUNG ACTRESS,
MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,
MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,
Commencing on
MONDAY, OCTOBER 24th, 1864,
when she will make
HER FIRST APPEARANCE AT THIS THEATRE,
in her singularly chaste and winning impersonation of
FANCHON; "THE CRICKET,"
the Elfin heroine of Waldauer's great five act play of that title, EXPRESSLY TRANSLATED FOR HER FROM THE GERMAN, and which has achieved, through its exquisite simplicity of story, its purity of sentiment and its wild, weird like beauty,
AN UNPARALLELED POPULAR SUCCESS.
FANCHON; "THE CRICKET".....MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,
supported by
A CAST OF ADMIRABLE POWER.
Act 1st—THE SHADOW DANCE.
Act 2d—THE ST. ANDROCHE FESTIVAL.
Act 3d—THE REVELATION.
Act 4th—THE PLEDGE.
Act 5th—GLAD TRIUMPH OF CRICKET.

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,
TUESDAY EVENING, OCT. 21st,
BENEFIT OF
FRANK LESLIE.
STAGE MANAGER AND TENOR SINGER.
THE LARGEST VOLUNTEER CORPS
ever offered at a Benefit. 28-1t*

CALHOUN PRINTING Co's
GREAT CENTRAL
STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
LOCATED AT HARTFORD, CONN.,
Midway between New York and Boston,
on the Great Express Line.
POSTERS, PROGRAMMES, AND SHOW WORK,
Of all kinds, executed in a superior style of Workmanship.
THE GREAT HEAD QUARTERS
In the Eastern States for Concert and Theatrical Managers, Minstrel Troupes, and Showmen generally.
EDWARD ALLEN, Secretary. ALEX. CALHOUN.
L. R. PIKE, Superintendent. 28-3m

CHESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE,
ALLINSON & HINCKEN.......................Proprietors.
1221 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
OPEN FOR THE SEASON.
MORAN'S MINSTRELS,
COMPOSED OF SIXTEEN FIRST CLASS PERFORMERS,
APPEAR EVERY EVENING,
IN A
CHASTE AND ELEGANT ENTERTAINMENT. 28-tf

RARE CHANCE FOR MANAGERS.
J. M. SEARL, the accomplished PRESTIDIGITATOR, and only natural-born VENTRILOQUIST now on this continent, can be engaged for six months. No man has a better reputation through the West and South, or better recommendation, both public and private. Has the most attractive Wood Cuts and Lithographs of any person in the business, except James H. Anderson, Sr. His services, with the use of wood cuts, lithograph stones, electrotypes, stereotypes, paraphernalia, &c., &c., can be secured by a RESPONSIBLE manager till July 4th, 1865. No penniless adventurers need answer. Prof. S. can give a complete and entirely satisfactory entertainment within himself, without confederates or assistants.
DR. S. C. WOOD,
Formerly Business Manager.
For particulars, address J. M. SEARL,
Box 526, Chicago, Ill.
Reasons for offering services—Ill health, an almost impossibility of procuring a responsible business manager. Route ahead—Bloomington, Ill., Oct. 13th and 14th; Springfield, 18th and 19th; Decatur, 20th and 21st. 28-3t*

CARD.---Mr. Ance Wood takes this, the earliest opportunity, of returning his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for the handsome manner in which they came forward to his benefit at Campbell's Minstrel Hall, on the 7th inst. To Frank B. Converse, Mr. Wilbecke, of the Varieties; Messrs. Collins and Goodwin, Jake Smith, Master Frank Budworth, and J. D. Wyman, of Troy, (for $5 sent), he is especially indebted for their valuable assistance on the occasion. Respectfully,
28-1t* ANCE WOOD.

GRAND RAPIDS THEATRE, Michigan.
Proprietors..................D. SQUIERS & SAM RAINFORTH.
Stage Manager................................SAM RAINFORTH.
This favorite and popular Theatre, having been entirely refitted and decorated, will open on Monday evening, October 17th, for the Fall and Winter season.
Orchestra seats.
Parquet..50 cents.
Family Circle....................................35 "
Private Boxes....................................25 "
Single seats in Private Boxes....................$3.
STARS treated with on liberal terms..............75 "
Wanted immediately—Good SINGING CHAMBERMAID, one FIRST WALKING GENTLEMAN, and several UTILITY performers. Apply with terms to SAM RAINFORTH,
28-2t* Grand Rapids, Mich.

MEMBERS OF THE EQUESTRIAN, DRAMATIC, or MUSIC HALL PROFESSIONS, wishing to purchase anything in this city, can do so by addressing JOHN BECKERLEY, Box 3497, and he will purchase either Tights, Stockings, Dancing Clogs, Jig Shoes, or anything belonging to the profession.
Cotton Equestrian Tights.......from $3 25 to $5 50
Worsted Tights, all colors.......................6 50
Worsted Equestrian Shirts........................6 50
Worsted Trunks, all colors.......from $2 75 to 3 50
Worsted Long Hose................................4 00
Clown Suits, striped around......................13 00
Clown Suits, striped up and down.................13 00
Equestrian Shirts, all colors.....from $3 00 to 6 00
Silk Opera and Trunk Hose.......from 9 00 to 13 00 1t*

WANTED.---A situation of some kind with a FIRST-CLASS Tragedian, who would be willing to give assistance in studying for the stage, by a young man, 19 years of age, who has been VERY successful as an Amateur performer, and who can give the very best of reference for his faithfulness and honesty. For further particulars, address A. B. J., N. Y. CLIPPER office. 28-4t*

WILL HARRY KRISE,
the Agent for the
PEAK FAMILY BELL-RINGERS,
send the money it cost to recover the Knife he borrowed in Auburn and lost in Waterloo, or does he want a Puff in this paper? 28-4t*

TALENT REQUIRED for the to-be Finest Establishment of the kind in the country (viz., Hall of Music), situated in Washington, on the site of the late Varieties, hereafter to be known by a name not yet decided upon. The above Hall is in course of Re-modelling, adding an extra Tier, building an entire New Stage, Upholstery, Frescoing, &c., at a cost of $10,000. Communications to be addressed to FOX, CURRAN & NORRIS, Post Office, Washington. 28-1t*

BILL POSTER, Pittsburgh, Pa.---James Thackeray, P. O. Box 152.
The only party having his own boards and contract by the year for the principal corners and walls, and takes pride in referring, by permission, to Andy Springer, Duprez & Green, Wm. Henderson, Lake & Co., and the principal travelling exhibitions. 28-4t*-3m

J. H. CLIFFORD, of Campbell's Minstrels, is prepared to take Pupils and learn them the art of JIG, REEL or WALK-AROUND DANCING. Applications to be made at Campbell's Hall, between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock.
28-1t* J. H. CLIFFORD, Campbell's Minstrels.

WANTED---A Young Lady, of prepossessing appearance, to play Equestrian pieces. Must be a clever Actress and willing to learn. To one who is possessed of beauty a good salary will be paid. An excellent opportunity is offered to one who wishes to learn the business. Address EQUESTRIAN, CLIPPER Office, stating salary expected, &c. 28-2t*

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FINAL

CHALLENGE
FROM THE
DOBSON BROTHERS
TO
MR. FRANK B. CONVERSE.

Mr. Converse having refused to accept the propositions contained in our card of the 15th inst., there is no longer any necessity of prolonging the controversy between us. But being desirous of bringing the question of superiority to a final conclusion, as well as of vindicating ourselves from the aspersions which he will persist in attaching to our character and motives, we are constrained to trespass once more upon the public attention. Those who have read the cards published by Mr. Converse are well aware who is chargeable with having written calumnious newspaper articles; nothing further, therefore, need be said upon this point. We distinctly stated that those selected to decide upon the merits of the parties should be competent judges of banjo playing, and by our allusion to musicians, demonstrated how impossible it was for any one not having a practical knowledge of the instrument to be possessed of the requisite qualifications to render a correct decision, and thus, by implication, declared whom we should consider suitable persons to act in this capacity. How equivocal, then, it seems, on the part of Mr. Converse, to say we made no statement in reference to the matter. If such a subterfuge be not an evasion, we are at a loss to determine what is. That he shall not have occasion to resort to such an excuse hereafter, however, we will inform him, in explicit terms, who are competent judges of banjo playing—
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Are we understood this time? The assumption that we had intimated that the banjo was not a musical instrument is purely gratuitous, as we have always accorded to it a very high rank in the catalogue of musical inventions, and have done as much, probably, as any one living to establish its claim to that distinction. "I object to a limit, because a greater number than ten tunes may be necessary to display the entire capabilities of the instrument," says Mr. Converse. In the name of common sense, what have the "capabilities" of the banjo to do with Mr. Converse's skill as a banjo player. The unwillingness of the gentleman to join us in a copartnership to make money, as he is pleased to call our reasonable offer, is creditable to his self abnegation certainly, but unfortunately for his reputation, the reasons which he assigns speak anything but favorably for his sagacity or his discrimination. Our sole object in suggesting two hundred and fifty dollars as the amount to be contended for, was that the enterprise should not have the appearance of a money-making scheme. Seeking only an opportunity of fairly submitting our proficiency as banjoists to the arbitration of the public, pecuniary gain was a thing wholly foreign to our thoughts. In proof of which, we now make the following proposition:
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BILLIARDS.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.
FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

SEVENTH AND LAST DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

VICTOR ESTEPHE WINS THE CHAMPION CUE.

The billiard tournament in Philadelphia to decide who was entitled to the Championship of the State of Pennsylvania, and the possession of the Golden Cue, emblematic of the high position, was brought to a termination on Monday evening the 10th inst., having continued over a space of seven days. In the last issue of the CLIPPER, we gave a detailed report of the proceedings up to Saturday evening, the sixth day of the tournament, when the state of the games was as follows:—Estephe had won six games and lost none; Bird, Nelmes and Montgomery had tied, each having won four games and lost two; Ryall had won two and lost four; Plunkett had won three and lost the same number; and Palmer and Hewes had each won one game and lost five. It was therefore a matter of certainty that Estephe would win the Champion Cue, for even if defeated in his final game with Nelmes, whom he had not hitherto encountered, he would still be ahead of all his opponents. The interest, therefore, became centered in the contest for the second prize between Messrs. Bird, Nelmes and Montgomery, and their respective matches on Monday were regarded with great interest.

The first game on Monday afternoon was between Messrs. Hewes and Nelmes. The former took a slight lead in the scoring at the commencement, but was speedily passed by Nelmes, who turned the first hundred 20 points ahead; the second hundred 40; the third hundred 109; the fourth hundred 56; and finally won the game by 98 points. The winner's average was 6, and the highest runs 30, 29, 26 and 25.

The second game was between Messrs. Montgomery and Ryall, and was very closely contested throughout. Ryall turned the first hundred 48 points ahead, but a splendid run of 74 enabled Montgomery to round the second string 5 points, and the third 31 points ahead. Ryall now began to play in his strongest form, and a succession of runs placed him in the van, and he led 36 points on the fourth hundred. The game now became very exciting, and the scores of the players were nearly equal. Ryall, however, got the balls into a favorable position, and ran out the game, beating Montgomery by 21 points only. The winner's average was 9, and the highest runs 33, 29 and 28. The loser's highest run was 74. *The result was fatal to Montgomery's prospect of the second prize.*

In the evening, the first game was between Messrs. Bird and Palmer, and the victory of the former well known professional over his amateur opponent was regarded as a certainty. But the "glorious uncertainty" of billiards was strikingly illustrated in this game. Bird commenced with a strong lead, turning the first hundred 69 points ahead. A run of 46 and 26, with other smaller ones, brought Palmer in advance, and he turned the second string 14 points ahead. Bird now warmed up a little, and two runs of 17 each, one of 49, and one of 18 put him on his third hundred first by 60 points. Palmer, by some magnificent play, in which he scored runs of 48, 22 and 53, again left him in the rear, and he led Bird 36 points on the fourth hundred. This lead seemed to unnerve the Philadelphia professional, as he apparently played without any hopes of success, and Palmer, playing with extraordinary skill, judgement and steadiness, finally won the game by 48 points. The winner's average was 7¼ and his highest runs 53, 48, and 26. This game extinguished Bird's chance of second prize, and left Mr. Nelmes the winner of second honors and the service of silver plate, which consoled him for the loss of the Championship and golden cue.

The last game of the tournament was between Messrs. Estephe and Plunkett, and as was generally anticipated, was won by the former, after a fine contest, in which the beauties of billiards were admirably illustrated by both parties. Estephe led 32 points on the first hundred, and Plunkett 5 on the second. On the third, Estephe, who had resumed his lead, was 20 points ahead; on the fourth he was 89, and he finally won the game by 62 points. The winner's average was 10½, and highest runs 44, 42, 47 and 38.

Thus terminated the Pennsylvania State billiard tournament, which left Mr. Victor Estephe the acknowledged Champion of the game in the Keystone State, and the possessor of the Champion Cue, which becomes his own personal property if he maintains it undefeated against all comers for the period of one year. In addition to the Cue, Mr. Estephe wins the billiard cloth, and the set of ivory balls (the same which were used in the recent Kavanagh and Tieman match,) presented by Messrs. Phelan and Collender to the third best player, but which the Executive Committee of the tournament, very unwarrantably in our opinion, diverted from the original intention of the donors, and awarded them to the winner. The second prize, which consisted of a dozen elegant silver spoons and butter knife, was awarded to Mr. Nelmes, who had won five games out of the seven he played.

Among the billiard notabilities present we noticed Messrs. Michael Phelan and Dudley Kavanagh, of New York; Messrs. Michael Geary and Lorch, of Washington; Mr. M. Hewins, of Hartford; Mr. R. Wilmarth, of Boston; etc. In this tournament, the beauties of legitimate billiards, free from the blemish of the ungraceful and unscientific "push shot," were strikingly evidenced and displayed by the different players. Although no such large scores as we have witnessed in the matches or games where the "shove shot" is allowed, were made, yet the *masse* shots, which in our opinion will eventually supersede the pushing system in the game, gave increased interest to the play, and many of them were executed with surprising brilliancy and effect. Altogether, the first billiard tournament in the State of Pennsylvania was a decided and triumphant success, highly gratifying to its projectors.

GRAND MATCH GAME

BETWEEN

VICTOR ESTEPHE, THE CHAMPION OF PENNSYLVANIA,

AND

DUDLEY KAVANAGH, THE CHAMPION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The billiard tournament of the Keystone State was appropriately terminated on Tuesday evening, the 11th inst., with a grand match of one thousand points up, between the victorious Champion of Pennsylvania, Victor Estephe, and Dudley Kavanagh, of New York. Sansom Street Hall was filled to its utmost capacity on the occasion with the votaries of the game, who viewed with the greatest interest the exciting contest of skill between these two renowned Knights of the Cue.

The match was under the same conditions as the games of the tournament, 1000 points up, the push shot barred. Kavanagh took a slight lead up to the seventh innings, when a run of 88, obtained by magnificent play, gave Estephe the leading position, and he turned the first hundred 22 ahead. Another finely got run of 50 placed him 74 ahead on the second string, Kavanagh not playing in his usual brilliant style at this period of the game, and finding some difficulty in getting a suitable cue. He, however, on his twenty-first innings, ran 43, with a fair prospect of a much larger score, when an unfortunate mis-cue occurred. Estephe, who played with extraordinary steadiness, precision of execution and good judgment, with a run of 36, turned the third string 65 ahead, and the fourth, (during which he made a fine run of 67) 140 ahead. He kept continually increasing his advantage, scoring rapidly and executing the most difficult and seemingly impossible shots with marvellous ease and accuracy, while the fates seemed unpropitious to Kavanagh, who was continually disappointed in his efforts to get the balls into a favorable position for scoring. Estephe, when the fifth string was turned, and the state of the game called, stood 505 to Kavanagh 314, and on the forty-second innings the game was 620 to 321. A beautifully got run of 97, followed by one of 59, made Kavanagh's score look more promising, but his prospect of success was quickly destroyed by the Keystone State Champion making a run of 64, followed by one of 186, (the largest run at this game on record), which placed him on his last string, and this he quickly completed, winning the match in his fifty-eighth innings, and defeating the American Champion by 396 points, to the astonishment and intense gratification of his fellow citizens, who rapturously cheered him on his victory.

The average of the winner was 17-14. At the conclusion, a Philadelphian offered to match Kavanagh against the winner, to play a similar game and of the same number of points, and stake $1000 to $500 on the former winning. The challenge elicited no response. The following is the score:—

THE SCORE.

Estephe. Shot.	Count.	Total.	Kavanagh. Count.	Total.	Estephe. Shot.	Count.	Total.	Kavanagh. Count.	Total.
1	8	8	5	5	30	6	352	5	249
2	8	16	12	17	31	13	365	11	260
3	7	23	9	26	32	67	432	0	260
4	6	29	18	44	33	3	435	16	276
5	3	32	21	65	34	8	443	14	290
6	11	43	3	68	35	39	482	24	314
7	88	131	5	73	36	12	494	0	314
8	9	140	11	84	37	11	505	0	314
9	0	140	16	100	38	9	514	0	314
01	50	190	6	106	39	29	543	0	314
11	2	192	2	108	40	0	543	7	321
12	10	202	18	126	41	45	588	0	321
13	4	206	0	126	42	32	620	11	332
14	8	214	0*	126	43	0	620	4	336
15	5	219	0	126	44	3	623	13	349
16	7	226	26	152	45	3	626	0	349
17	6	232	22	174	46	2	628	97	436
18	0	232	0	174	47	0	628	0	436
19	3	235	0	174	48	17	645	10	446
20	2	237	2	176	49	16	661	5	451
21	21	258	43	219	50	18	679	69	520
22	3	261	2	221	51	2	681	2	522
23	12	273	3	224	52	64	745	13	535
24	6	279	4	228	53	2	747	18	553
25	0	279	3	231	54	4	751	0	553
26	9	288	4	235	55	186	937	0	553
27	36	324	0	235	56	23	960	27	580
28	12	336	2	237	57	23	983	24	604
29	10	346	7	244	58	17	1000		

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28-tf

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Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

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Like all other striking and original successes, whether in art or literature,
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